

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### A GREAT VICTORY WON

Our Triumph Come at Last.

Our Battle with Swill Milk Corruption Fought Out at Albany.

**SWILL MILK ABOLISHED BY LAW.**

**THE FIGHT WAS OURS.**

The Victory is for the People.

THREE years ago, entirely unassisted, we commenced our exposure of the infamous Swill Milk traffic, which had grown shameless by tolerance, and assumed gigantic proportions. It spread its poisonous influence everywhere, and the fearful weekly lists of mortality proved how well its deadly properties sapped the life of both the young and the old.

We met the subject face to face; we penetrated into the strongholds of the filthy traffic; we presented things as they were; we did not aim at pictures but at facts; we did not conceal the horrible details, though we ourselves sickened at their sight, for we had a great end to achieve, a vast public good to accomplish. We brought the graphic powers of the pencil and the pen to our aid, and in one day roused New York and the whole country to a sense of the insidious pestilence which was raging in their midst.

Our course at once arrayed against us the wealthy firms who



THE HON. MRS. YELVERTON.—SEE PAGE 306

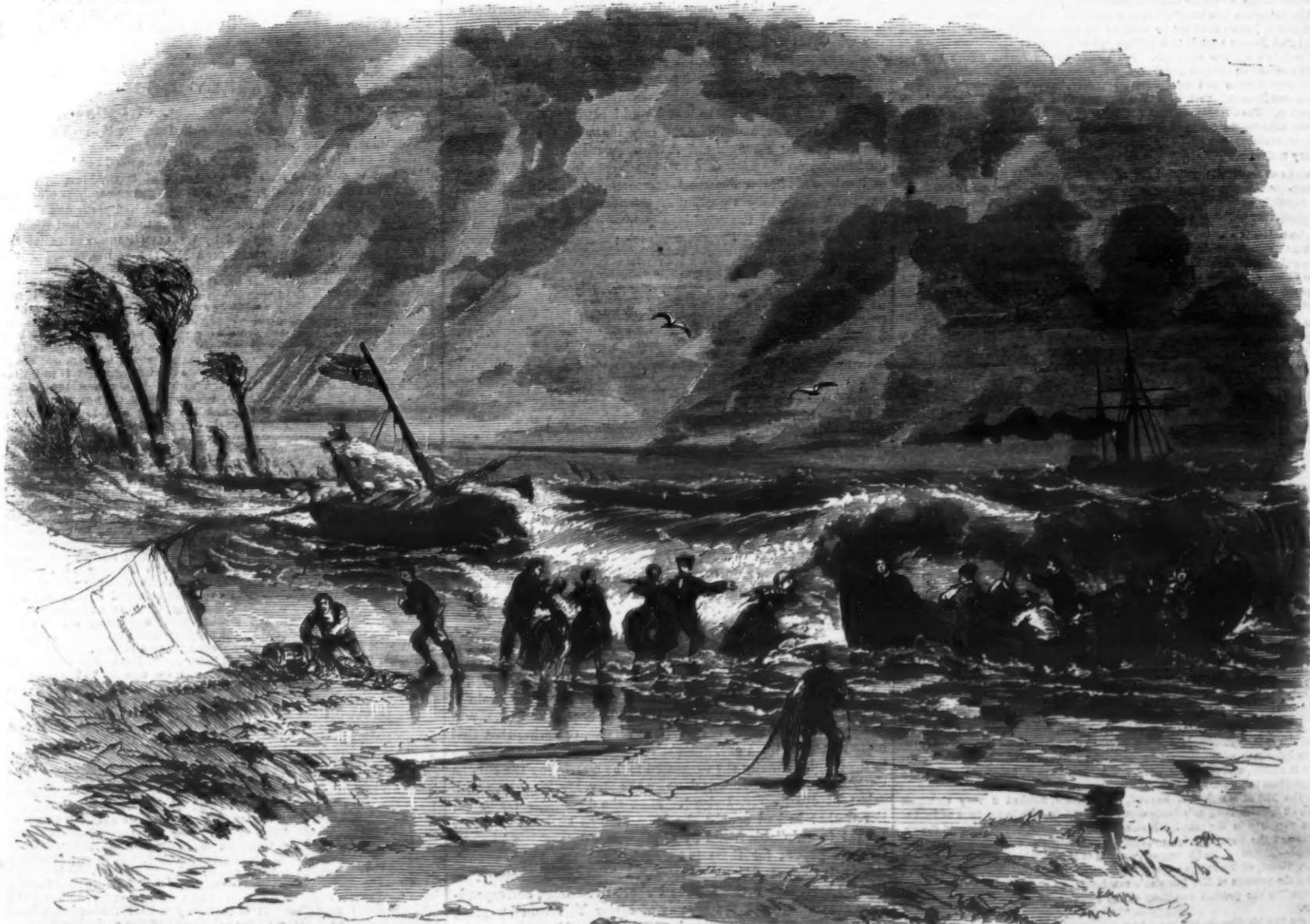
counted their hundreds of thousands of dollars made by the unholy Swill Milk traffic, and the hosts of hangers-on to the trade, whose independent votes wielded unbounded influence. The city authorities, too, who cannot see guilt if it inhabits splendid mansions, took part with our antagonists, and acted rather as counsels for the defendants than as officers delegated by the people to conserve their rights.

We persevered against this powerful combined opposition; we sent our artists everywhere; we engaged an army of detectives, and personally supervised their action; we engaged chemists to analyse the poisonous trash; lawyers to defend the actions brought against us; and week after week, while under the ban of unscrupulous enemies and threats of personal violence even unto death, we published our labors to the public, and proved triumphantly the terrible developments and the serious accusations we had made.

Without pecuniary aid from any source, we incurred all this enormous expense, amounting to many thousands of dollars, in a great public cause; we incurred it all, and endured all the obloquy and misrepresentation heaped upon us, for we knew that we suffered in the great cause of humanity, and that public opinion would eventually support and sustain us. This confidence has been justified by the end.

Our efforts at that time resulted in thoroughly arousing the people to a knowledge of the facts; and the pressure of public opinion, although it did not abolish the traffic of Swill Milk, caused it to be surrounded by such conditions of cleanliness as to ameliorate the evil in some degree. Further than this nothing more could be accomplished against the powerful private and official opposition.

But the ball which we had set rolling did not rest. In our



LOSS OF THE YACHT MARY KINGSLAND, OF NEW YORK, ON THE FLORIDA COAST, NEAR JUPITER LIGHTHOUSE, ON THE 16TH OF MARCH, 1861—TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF THE CREW, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER ON THE STEAMSHIP CANAWDA, WHICH RESCUED THE SHIPWRECKED PEOPLE.—SEE PAGE 307.



columns, from time to time, we have revived the subject, by publishing the scientific researches and analysis of the poisonous article by eminent medical authorities, and our efforts have finally resulted in the passage of a Bill in the Senate at Albany to Prevent the Adulteration of Milk and Abolishing the Sale of SWILL MILK.

We give all honor to the Senators for the honest and manly course they have taken, and especially to the Senator from New York, who was the mover of the Bill, and we are satisfied that our unselfish efforts in the cause of the people and humanity have rescued the community from that great social evil which has for years decimated our population by thousands.

Our work is accomplished—the Swill Milk trade is dead.

#### Barnum's American Museum

HAS the largest and finest Collection of Living Curiosities ever exhibited together, including Bears, Sea Lion, Mammoth Bear, Samson, the Swiss Bearded Lady, the Lilliputian Queen, Miss Reed: the Aquarium, Living Monster Snakes, Happy Family, with elegant Dramatic Performances daily at 8 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., making the Museum at once the best as well as the cheapest place of amusement in the world.

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### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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#### Foreign News.

**England.**—There are no prominent topics before the public now of a domestic nature. Reform has been postponed on the plea that there is no popular demand for it. The principal object of general interest is the present crisis of American affairs. The injudicious attempt of the Tariff men to wound British and French manufactures through the Morrill Tariff has materially strengthened the Southern Confederacy in the eyes of the two leading nations of Europe, and done much to facilitate the recognition of the new nation. The chief journals of Europe consider it a smart operation, more worthy of thimble-riggers than statesmen. The unpopularity of Gladstone seems to throw the halo of insecurity around the Palmerston Administration, which nothing but the Austrian tendencies of Derby could keep from becoming practical. Even this may be rendered palatable, since the recent conversion of Francis Joseph to Constitutional Government seems to have rendered that once abhorrent personage more endurable in English eyes. The great legal excitement of the hour has been the Yelverton trial, which has resulted in placing the gallant major in the position of a bigamist, when he flattered himself he was only a seducer. Scold has popular odium run so strongly against a man as it has against this unblushing rascal. In our present paper will be found a portrait of the heroine of this most remarkable drama.

**France.**—The public interest still centres upon Mirès, whose arrest for his enormous frauds or rather financial speculations, has already been noticed. A strict investigation into his affairs is now going on, and the Government declares the course of justice shall not be swayed by any personal considerations. It is said that France intends to withdraw her troops from Rome, and leave the Pope merely a spiritual existence. The Conference on Syrian affairs has not yet determined on extending the French occupation of that miserable land. It is said that France and Russia hold together, but are opposed by England, Austria and Prussia. Turkey is also opposed to a continuance of the French occupation. The chances are that the term will be extended to the 1st of May. The war between the Emperor and many of his bishops still rages. The public, however, takes side with Louis Napoleon, as do the enlightened of all classes in every nation.

**Denmark.**—The question between this Government and Prussia on the Holstein-Schleswig question will most probably be settled without any difficulty, most certainly without bloodshed, as France, England and Russia have addressed a remonstrance to Denmark couched in almost identical language.

**Poland.**—The burial of the unhappy men who were shot down by the Russian troops on the anniversary of the battle of Grochow took place without a renewal of any disturbances. Prince Gortschakoff has presented a petition to the Emperor relating to the affair, which is expected to meet the exigencies of the case. It is, however, another instance of the instability of all systems not based upon the people.

**Austria.**—The publication of the recent constitution granted by Francis Joseph has not been so well received by the Hungarians as was expected. It will, nevertheless, disarm much hostile feeling, and, if honestly carried out, may yet arrest the ruin that was so rapidly gathering around the Austrian Empire. Still, the question of Venetia remains to be settled in the course of a few years, and it must be met.

**Italy.**—The siege of Mezzana has commenced, and its fall may be looked for every day. The King of Naples remains in Rome, but some papers assert, he is making preparations to leave for Bavaria very soon. Private letters represent the condition of the Pope as being of a most despondent character. Still, he will not listen to the good advice of the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

**Turkey.**—Next to the Pope, the Sultan is, undoubtedly, the sickest man in Europe. His principal Ministers are now engaged in a quarrel on financial matters, which are in a most helpless state. The bankruptcy of Mirès seems to have been the last feather to that camel's back. There is a strange rumor afloat in Paris and London that John Sulist and Jacob Mirès are one and the same man. It is, of course, a case.

**Mexico.**—The Tennessee brings us the important news that M. Saligny, the French Minister, had recognised the Liberal Government. Juarez is now acknowledged by the United States, England and France. General Zamora, Governor of the State of Vera Cruz, is dead. He was one of the best of the Mexican authorities. The brigands still rule between Mexico and Vera Cruz, and Capt. Odham, of the British war steamer *Valorous* had been badly wounded while on his way from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. The weightiest task the new Government has to perform is to put down these bandits.

#### CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

One of the most remarkable, painful and yet significant facts of the time is the utter indifference of the public towards Congress. At the present time the Senate is sitting, and able men discuss the present crisis, but few seem to pay any attention to its deliberations.

On the 23d of March Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, finished a very elaborate speech on Senator Douglas's resolution of inquiry relative to the lands and other public property in the seceded States. This argument was in favor of the recognition of the new Confederacy, and the formation of a treaty with its Government—otherwise, in his opinion, a conflict is inevitable. He was followed by Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, the new Senator from that State, who argued against the passage of Mr. Douglas's resolution, on the ground that it would be improper, in the present condition of the country, to make such information public.

On the 23d Mr. Hamlin announced his intention of being absent from his post for the rest of the session, and Mr. Foster, of Vermont, was made Chairman in

his stead. John Sherman, of Ohio, of Helper celebrity, took his seat as Senator.

On the 24th Mr. Powell moved for copies of the correspondence between Major Anderson and the War Office since the commencement of the troubles. The weary debate upon Douglas's resolution was then resumed, and trailed like a wounded snake its slow length along.

On the 26th the Douglas debate was resumed, and continued mainly by Douglas and Breckinridge, who earnestly demanded to learn from the President what his policy was. It seems to us very clear that Douglas knows the real intentions of the President to be peace and good will to the American people, but he wishes the President to inform the public of the fact himself. At Willard's, the other night, a bet of a thousand dollars was made that in less than three months Chase and Blair would give place to Douglas and Johnson, of Tennessee, in the Cabinet. Finally the Little Giant's resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 23 to 11. Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Clingman then offered resolutions to the effect that the Senate recommend the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the limits of the Confederate States. They were laid over for future consideration, and the Senate devoted itself to the only occupation it appears to have appetite for—the confirmation of Lincoln's appointments.

In the Senate, on the 27th, a message was received from the President declining to communicate the despatches received from Major Anderson, the commander at Fort Sumpter, as their publication would at this time be inexpedient. A long debate then ensued upon the question of taking up Senator Breckinridge's resolution advising the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the seceded States. Upon taking the question the vote stood 19 to 10. As there was not a quorum, the subject was dropped, and the Senate went into executive session, and in the course of a couple of hours confirmed a large number of appointments.

#### The North and the South.

THE public opinion of America seems to have impressed the two Governments with the necessity of a caution strangely at variance with the violent counsels so prevalent two months since. The leaders of both extremes have been made aware that the odium of a great people would fall on those who precipitated a conflict, the first shot of which would sound like the deathknell of liberty.

The public sentiment has dictated the evacuation of Forts Sumpter and Pickens, both of which events are now merely questions of time. Although no special announcement has been made, it seems certain that before the end of next week Major Anderson will have retired from Fort Sumpter, which will, of course, be immediately occupied by the Secessionists. The exact method has not been made known, but it is to be hoped that neither party will do anything to leave a sting behind. As matters now stand, the occupation of a stronghold in the midst of a seceded State is more of a provocation than a necessity or a precaution, and we think Mr. Lincoln has done wisely in withdrawing from so untenable and profitless a position.

#### The Yelverton Case.

ONCE in a decade English society is overwhelmed with an overpowering case of scandalous immorality. Once in a decade the flood of indecency and treachery bursts the narrow barriers of criminal gazettes and private gossip, and flows over the great dykes of the "respectable press." Then Morality preaches loudly, and Immorality picks up dainty scraps, and people of steady habits are startled to learn what unquenchable and terrible fires glow, and what lava-torrents heave under the cold outer-crust of the world which we term Behavior. As it was in the beginning, and probably will be until the enigma of Evil is solved.

The last great case of this kind is still fresh before us in that of Major Yelverton and Miss Theresa Longworth. To use a reporter's phrase, "the high standing of the parties implicated gives it unwonted interest;" but it acquires a much higher to the cultivated observer, from the remarkable phases of character developed, and from its being, in all probability, the event which will lead directly to the abrogation of an obsolete and scandalous marriage law in England, which declares a marriage of Protestants by a Catholic priest null and void! Briefly, the Honorable Major Yelverton, a dashing military man of the world, heir apparent to the Viscounty of Avonmore, casually made the acquaintance, on the deck of a steamboat crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne, of Miss Theresa Longworth. The lady in question has been sainted by a portion of the press, but was evidently a finished woman of the world—a girl, who was, as described by the London *Saturday Review*, a miracle:

As to Theresa Longworth, we are not careful to say all that we think. Happily for society, we trust that the mould in which her character has been formed was broken after the first cast. Here we have the facts of a woman's life, and they are incontestable; but except in a "scandalous French novel," they have, we hope, never before existed. Even now we almost refuse credence to the existence of such a person. She seems to have had parents, but all that we know about her father is only the wicked and unnatural parent of fiction, which meets us in the stereotyped form of an atheist's deathbed. A girl born, we don't exactly know how, and bred in a convent, left to her own devices, flying mysteriously about Europe and Asia, without any visible ties or restraints; apparently not troubled or blessed with the necessities of family or income; educated in France and Italy, and with a cosmopolitan acquaintance with all people and languages; driving cardinals to despair, and surrounded by an entourage of lovers whom she attracts by her charms and awes by her virtues; prodigiously clever, prodigiously accomplished, romantic, enthusiastic, versatile, devout, religious and charitable; a *Sœur de Charité* under the most picturesque circumstances, Eliza at once and Sophia, a Chantrel and a Sappho, mixed up with the most famous battles and stirring events of history; burning, and at the same time prudent; with wonderful powers both of self-sacrifice and self-restraint; chaste, yet always on the very verge of sin; with the sternest appreciation of character, and yet with the most passionate and abundant disregard of proprieties; scornful of the whole world's opinion, yet proud, self-contained and haughty in a certain sort of barren self-respect.

The wonderful "characterization" of the extract apologises for its length. This young lady made the acquaintance of the major in the manner stated, and passed the night on deck, the lady wrapped in a part of the major's plaid, "conversing on animal magnetism and odic force." Twelve months later, the lady being then in Italy, began from a casual business letter a correspondence with the gentleman, which eventually drew her to the East, to act as nurse in the hospital of Galata, while he was serving—and gallantly—in the Crimea. Here he proposed a secret marriage, which she declined. In 1857 they met again in Edinburgh, where he proposed the easy Scotch marriage, and finally read aloud to her the marriage service, declaring that that ceremony made them one, mutual consent constituting marriage in Scotland. Finally she consented to be married by the Roman Catholic service, which was done by the Rev. Mr. Mooney, parish priest at Rosstrevor, Ireland. Here the honorable major believed that he had caught the lady, even as Tittlebat Titmouse sought to "do" his friend by giving him a note of hand on unstamped paper; for there is a wretched old law declaring such marriage void, and he congratulated himself on having thus cheated her. After this followed short-lived bliss, correspondence, separation, and the bigamy of Major Yelverton by going through the ceremony of marriage with the widow of the celebrated Professor Edward Forbes, of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Yelverton's prosecution of her husband to gain her rights, her success, and the enthusiastic congratulations offered her by the Dublin people, are still fresh in mind. She was declared to be his lawful wife, while upon his head descended a weight of obloquy and odium such as few men are destined to bear. He is to be degraded from the army, tried for bigamy, and otherwise disgraced.

It may interest our readers to know that the portrait of the lady which we give is a good likeness. Her manner is described as extremely fascinating. "Her countenance is oval, with a delicately pointed chin; the general expression is that of great firmness, calm, resolute, persevering, dignified power—confidence in repose. Her glance penetrates, while it charms as with a spell." Her voice is described as "singularly musical, while her hands are remarkably small and graceful in their habitual poses." Such is Mrs. Yelverton, the ambitious and at length sorrowfully successful woman, who at present occupies such a prominent position before the whole world.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

In Gay's famous "Beggars' Opera" there are two ladies, Polly and Lucy, who indulge in a very famous squabbling duet. The modern Polly and Lucy are the rival editors of the *Tribune* and *Times*, and their Macbeath is Lincoln. Every now and then they indulge in a little passage of arms, the last being as to whether the *Tribune* ever had a real live resident correspondent at Charleston. The *Times* says the Charleston letters are written in the latitude of Printing-House Square. The *Tribune* thus disposes of the matter:

"In fact, for some time past we have had three, but now we have only two, one of them having, after a rather protracted residence, suddenly found a Northern climate more congenial. He will probably be in town within a few days, when it will give us pleasure to introduce him to our incredulous neighbor, who may like to examine his hotel bills and any other documents."

This is unanswerable. In order to prove the presence of two men at Charleston, examine the hotel bills of another person who will be in New York in a few days. This is equal to Euclid's Fifth Proposition, *quod est demonstrandum*.

A *Daily Contemporary* actually brings Elizabeth Barrett Browning into the field as a Republican partisan, and as a proof of her intimate acquaintance with the present subject in dispute, gives this passage of a private letter lately received from her:

"At this point, the anxiety on American affairs can take its full share of thought. My partiality for frenzies is not so absorbing, believe me, as to exclude very painful considerations on the dissolution of your great Union. But my serious fear has been, and is, not for the dissolution of the body but the death of the soul—not of a rupture of civil and civil war, but of reconciliation and peace at the expense of a deadly compromise of principle. Nothing will destroy the Republic but what corrupts its conscience and disturbs its fame—for the stain upon the honor must come off upon the flag. If, on the other hand, the North stands fast on the moral ground, no glory will be like your glory; your frontiers may diminish, but your essential greatness will increase; your foes may be of your own household, but your friends must be among all just and righteous men, whether in the body or out of the body. You are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses, and can afford to risk anything, except conscience."

Her politics are as unintelligible as her verses. It is, however, derogatory to American journalism to consider the jargon of a dreamer as of any authority in such a grave matter as our national politics.

The Amount of Sarcasm wasted by our journalists upon each other every year would set up the European press for a century. The *Herald*, in announcing the heroic valor, and disregard of the dimes, shown by the wooden nutmeg State, in voting five thousand men and twenty thousand dollars to conquer the South, says: "It is a pity they did not show equal alacrity against England in 1812!" It is rather unreasonable to make a man responsible for his grandfathers.

Caleb Smith, whose portrait, as one of the Lincoln Cabinet, we give in the present issue of our paper, appears to be what is emphatically called "a bird." A story is going round the clubs of Washington to this effect. O. D. Abe promised the Chief Clerkship of the Agricultural Bureau to his friend, Isaac Newton, of Pa. He told Caleb to put his name down, and advised Isaac to that effect. Caleb wished to give his particular friend Holmes—Sweet-Holmes of the song—that pleasant and profitable berth, and in the list forgot all about Newton. The President signed the programme as drawn out by Caleb, and sent it to the Senate, who confirmed all the appointments. Abe is, therefore, obliged to submit, but it is said he will never sign another paper of Caleb's, without reading it very carefully first.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

##### The New York Academy of Design.

There is something very agreeable in lounging through a Gallery of Paintings, with no other intent than that of amusing oneself. The privilege so enjoyed is unalloyed, because one need not look at anything that is not pleasant, and the sense of critical responsibility knows you not. Not so with us. We are obliged to combine pleasure with business, and take as much notice of the bad pictures as of the good. We were compelled, for instance, to look again and again at that swollen monstrosity painted by WILLIAM PAER, and called the "Infant Bacchus." It is catalogued No. 117, and is for sale. We mention this fact in justice to the artist who has the good taste not to wish to keep it himself. If we were to judge by this picture, the "Infant Bacchus" was the greatest original of the wine skin. It has no anatomy; it is simply a grossly distended skin, which, if pricked, would collapse into flatness. Therefore, cut off those bulbous excrescences called legs, and your wine skin is perfect. The fat boy is lying on about an acre of leopard skin, which has no more texture than the painted calico which makes sham hunters out of supernumeraries at the theatre. The washy background is in imitation of a bad old master; and the rich coloring and the dainty manipulation amount to nothing, because they do not counterfeiter nature. No artist, however great his name and fame, whether that fame be meretricious or real, can afford to send to a public gallery so poor a picture.

Nos. 40 and 43 are two admirable charcoal landscapes, by F. RONDELL. The trees are touched in with charming freedom and grace, the details carefully made out, and a sentiment which speaks of a keen appreciation of nature pervades the whole. The title of 43, which is the best picture, is, "Lost in the Woods." The other is, "Evening on the Adirondack."

No. 48 is an ambitious figure subject executed in crayon by J. W. EHRMANN, N. A. The design is good; the subordinate figures well drawn and full of action, but the principal figures are every way unsatisfactory. The subject is, "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter." The figure of the Saviour lacks dignity, the face is exceedingly common-place and every way devoid of majesty and intellect. The mother and daughter are weak in expression and most wretchedly drawn, the mother most especially so. As the principal group is not equal to the subject, being deficient in dignity and drawing, the picture must be considered a failure.

No. 51, "Vegetables and Fruit," by J. W. HILL, A. A most exquisite piece of painting. The melon, corn and onion are positive realities in color, form and texture. The composition was calculated for a rich effect in color, which the artist has obtained most successfully. It is one of the gems of the exhibition.

There are several fine portraits in the first gallery. No. 151 is a portrait of Mrs. Hunt by her husband, WILLIAM M. HUNT. It is a quaint idea to present the back of the head to the observer and call it a portrait, but it is a capital way to prevent strangers becoming familiar with one's wife's features. Enough of the face, however, is shown to excite curiosity. The idea is well managed and is admirably painted; the flesh tints pure and the hair natural to a marvel. There are some faces, we know, that would bear painting this way with even more of the back of the head and less of the features visible. No. 157, also by WILLIAM M. HUNT, is a portrait of W. S. Thayer. It is boldly and strikingly painted, but it is so roughly handled that it has the appearance of being unfinished. It is said to be an excellent likeness, the character, the individuality having been well preserved. The head is drawn with great freedom and the features finely modelled. It is certainly a literal transcript from nature, and owes nothing to the sentiment of the artist.

No. 74 is a portrait of a lady, Mrs. Charles Gilbert, we believe, by J. J. COLEMAN. This is a clever and most characteristic portrait.



We like the artist's treatment of the subject, for it is out of the common run of the stereotyped position—it is free and unaffected. It is an admirable likeness, flattered in no one respect; indeed, faithful as it is to nature, the artist has failed to catch the *spirituelle* expression of the smile and the speaking animation of the mouth. With these exceptions, which are of course dependent upon circumstances, the portrait is faultless. As a work of art it has great merit; the coloring is good, the arrangement ingenious and the ensemble most pleasing. The shadow thrown by the hand is a touch of original thought indicative of fine sentiment in the artist.

But the great picture of the season, the crowning glory of this exhibition, is No. 225, "A Twilight in the Catskills," by S. R. GIFFORD, N. A. It is a bold stroke for the honor of nature, which few artists but Gifford would dare to attempt. Only men of his stature in art, and gifted with like sentiment, expression and power, are able to portray nature in her strongest effects without either weakly falling in the attempt, or, overleaping the sublime, plunging headlong into the ridiculous. We constantly see atmospheric effects so marked in their character as seemingly to be impossible to reproduce by any of the resources of art. The impossible, however, exists only in inferior natures; nothing is impossible to genius which, in art, is the offering of patient and earnest devotion to the study of nature in all her moods and varieties.

But to the consideration of Gifford's picture. The foreground represents the verge of a mountain range, over which a brawling rivulet is dashing away from the looker-on. Although we cannot see the abyss beneath, we know that it is there by the wonderful atmosphere which gives at once a sense of depth and distance. Beyond is a beautiful valley, through which a stream is running to the base of the mountain in the foreground, and over which the mists of twilight are resting. The valley rises in exquisite forms up to a chain of mountains which bound our view of the horizon. The sun has set behind these mountains, and the bright light of his trail rises all along and above them, until it enters an overhanging mass of vapor covering all the rest of the sky, which it renders darkly luminous with crimson and gold. The reflected light upon the mists in the valley, bringing out the forms dimly and brightening the waters even to the stream in the foreground, produces an effect which, for truthfulness to nature and exquisite artistic management and manipulation, we have rarely seen equalled.

The brilliant, the gorgeous effect of light is really marvellous—far exceeding, in our estimation, its kindred effect in Church's "Twilight in the Wilderness." Taking it altogether as a bold and truthful transcript of nature and as a work of art, it is one of the most remarkable pictures of the day, and will add a sudden and substantial lustre to a name which is already of brilliant repute in the world of art.

No. 453, "A Summer's Morning on the Massachusetts Coast, near Beverly," is by J. F. KENNETT, N. A. Here are few materials for a picture—two rocks, water and a mist—but how magically the master's hand moulds them to a perfect whole, and invests them with interest and beauty. The very rocks do not seem to be impersonal, but are sentient portions of the surrounding scene. Through the warm mist which envelopes the distance the morning sun seems to permeate. It is so real that, as we gaze, we should not be surprised to see the veil of mist disappear, and the sun shine out in all its majesty. It is a picture full of beauties; it is, as they say, "a delicious bit"—and one of Kennett's most successful efforts.

No. 341, "Fowls," is by P. L. CORCORAN, and a most charming bit of nature it is. The birds are spiritedly drawn and admirably colored. It is a characteristic sketch, animated and full of action, and all the details are carefully and successfully painted. It is small in size but large in value.

No. 457, "Down by the Sea," is a fine picture by A. D. SHATTUCK. It is a coast view, the surf is beating heavily on the shore and the scene is full of motion. It is a fine study for water, the forms being drawn with great freedom and singular fidelity to nature. They are waves in quick motion, and have all the action of reality. Mr. Shattuck has, however, sacrificed the reality in some degree by the excessive brightness of the light in the nearest breakers, which is not warranted by the clouded sky. But it is a fine picture nevertheless.

#### Old Father Heinrich.

A paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers stating that Old Father Heinrich, who had just returned from a lengthened tour in Europe, made under every degree of privation, for the purpose of producing some of his orchestral works in his native city, Pesth, in Hungary, was in a state of extreme distress, and calling upon the musical profession to come forward to his assistance. A day or two later the proprietors of Irving Hall generously tendered its free use for any entertainment the profession might get up for his benefit. So far there has been no response to the appeal. Will no one move in the matter? Are all so selfishly absorbed in their own affairs that they cannot give a moiety of their time to cheer and render easy the declining years of that venerable and self-sacrificing musical enthusiast? It is true he belongs to a past generation, and the many who knew him years ago are no longer with us; but there are few who have not heard of Father Heinrich, even though his memory may seem as a tradition of the past. Who is Father Heinrich? Listen, and we will tell you.

A long way back in this century, some forty years, there was a merchant famous alike for his integrity and his success. His dealings were large, but he found time to indulge in his passion for music. Commerce and Art worked well together, until one day the crash commercial came and the merchant was ruined. He gave up everything to his creditors and abandoned trade for ever. He came to America, and absorbed in his musical passion, which had now taken immovable hold upon him, he started off for Kentucky, at that time almost a wilderness. He built himself a log-cabin, his fiddle his sole companion, and for years picked up a scanty means of existence, he hardly knows how now, sustained in his privations by dreams of mighty works in music which he would produce in the future.

After many years he returned to this city, where, in an unfurnished attic, he wrote his *Sinfonias* and *Cantatas*, gaining means to support life by giving a few lessons. He then went to London and played in an orchestra, still writing—still writing. Finding it impossible to produce his works there, he returned to New York, only to commence the same unaided struggle again. He was getting old, and the hope came upon him that if he could only reach his native city, Pesth, his countrymen would give his works a fair trial. Friends came forward and assisted him; he started, and after many privations and struggles finally reached Pesth. The object of his life was then accomplished: he heard his darling compositions finely performed, and, proud in his achievements, bore his honors meekly. But he could not rest away from the land of his adoption, and he returned to New York, rich in spirit but poor in purse.

This is Anthony Philip Heinrich, a life-time devotee to music, who now needs the sympathy of all who love the art. Let not this sympathy be withheld.

#### The English Quarterlies.

Our quarterly enjoyment is strictly periodical, or we might say our periodical enjoyment is strictly quarterly, or we might otherwise say that the great literary enjoyment which visits us periodically is in the shape of the *English Quarterly Review*, the receipt of which from LEONARD SCOTT & Co. we hereby only acknowledge. The *Westminster* contains very interesting articles on "Ancient Danish Ballads," "Alcohol," "Canada," "The Italian Question," "Bible Infallibility," "American Slavery," "Dante and his English Translators," and "Contemporary Literature," which contains, among other things, a most cordial and eulogistic notice of "Motley's History of the Netherlands." The *Edinburgh Review* is rich with articles of interest, prominent among which are "Japan and the Japanese," "The Victoria Bridge," "Political Ballads of England and Scotland," "Ocean Telegraphy," and a brilliant review of "Motley's History of the United Netherlands." The *London Quarterly* devotes twenty pages to a review of Motley's book, awarding it almost unqualified praise and admiration. It has, besides, powerful articles on "Canada and the North-West," "Italy," "Iron Manufacture," "The Dogs of History and Romance," "The Welsh and their Literature," besides other able articles. The *North British Review* opens with an able article upon "India Convalescent," which reviews the whole question of the past and present of the British supremacy in India; also "Shelley and his Recent Biographers," "Lord Dundonald," "Modern Necromancy," "The Political Press—French, English and German," "Home Ballads and Poems," &c.

There is enough solid reading in these four *Quarterlies* to last a busy man three months, and we need hardly say that the articles are not only varied but thorough and exhaustive of their subjects. It is well for our readers to know that these four *Quarterlies* and *Blackwood's Magazine* can be obtained at their New York pub-

lishers, L. Scott, Edward Walker & Roberts, at the yearly charge of only ten dollars. In a literary point of view, it is hardly possible to invest ten dollars to greater advantage than in subscribing for the whole.

#### Do Ri ht:

It is a noble nature which, out of the sorrows and the trials of life, evolves that sentence which comprises all Christian philosophy—Do Right! It proves that sorrow has chastened the spirit, and that trial has brought the soul out bright through all the darkness. The lines which Carrie Calderwood has sent us breathe a sentiment which is full of truth and beauty:

#### Over the Grave.—By Carrie Calderwood.

Ah! here it is they made her grave  
When I was sailing on the wave.  
When looking on the sea so blue,  
A dark bird close beside me flew:  
"Ill omen!" then the sailors cried  
They tell me at that hour she died.

And orth I went in search of fame;  
In foreign lands I won a name.  
Yes! mine the meed, they call me great,  
But I return, alas! too late.  
Too late! too late! she sleepeth here,  
And now my life is cold and drear.

Oh, when one blessing is attained,  
One boon we've fondly sought is gained,  
Some other star that lit our way  
Hath wandered from our path for aye:  
Youth's golden hopes are better far  
Than all of glory's honors are!

Now I recall thy words to-night,  
Thy parting words to me, "Do right!"  
Oh, thou in Heaven, my lost Adel,  
Those parting words I've heeded well,  
For they have never lost their power  
In dark temptation's trying hour.

And high shall be my manhood's aim,  
Nor will I longer work for fame;  
But to the world my life shall be  
All that it might have been to thee—  
My words and fortune both shall bless  
The weary children of distress.

Yes! since I seek my bride too late,  
To all mankind I dedicate  
The earnest efforts of my soul;  
Moved by the magical control  
Of those blessed words that summer's night,  
Those parting words to me, "Do right!"

#### A New York Musical Conservatory in Geneseo, N. Y.

The residents of the metropolis have ample opportunities for studying the beautiful art of singing. With such teachers as Signor Bassini, Mrs. Edward Loder and others, there is no lack of means of thorough instruction. But the want of some central establishment in the State, where ladies from various sections of the country could meet and practise the art under competent instructors has long been felt. Peripatetic "Professors" (!) of Psalmody, called by the irreverent Psalm-smiths, hold conventions from time to time, where they do not teach singing and do sell barbarous collections of tune books by the gross; but their successful career of humbug is almost played out, and the time has ripened for a better order of things.

The better order of things is to be inaugurated by Signor Bassini, who is probably the most thorough and successful teacher of singing this side of the Atlantic. He is the most skillful former of the voice that has ever resided among us, having made the nature, character and power of the vocal organs his special study. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the teachers literally know nothing of the construction of the voice. They take the voices as they come, and when they have finished with them the inequalities still remain. The formation of the voice, preparing it for the highest degree of cultivation, is Signor Bassini's specialty; he has made it a lifetime study, and has brought the science to perfection. His published "School for Singing" is an admirable exposition of his system, which, if carefully studied and conscientiously persisted in, cannot fail to perfect the voice, to preserve its purity and to render it capable of great exertion without fatigue or deterioration.

The proposed Conservatorio or Normal Academy of Music will hold its meetings at Geneseo, New York, during the months of July and August. Two sessions have already been held there, and the citizens of that place were so interested in its success that they have erected a building capable of accommodating two hundred students, with a fine concert hall which will seat six hundred people. The place is healthy and the surroundings delightful. The term will commence on the 3d of July next, and besides students from all parts of the State, who have already made application, a large number of ladies and gentlemen of this city have secured board in Geneseo, for the purpose of enjoying the pure air of the country and the instruction of Bassini, thus combining pleasure with profit. Messrs. T. E. Perkins and T. J. Cook will assist Signor Bassini, having long studied his system with him; and Mr. J. N. Pychowski, a most thorough artist, will superintend the piano department and lecture to academic classes. There will be a gay and brilliant time at Geneseo during the coming months of July and August.

#### A New Tragedy by a New Yorker.

"Marriages are Not Made in Heaven" is the somewhat quaintly curious name of a new tragedy which has recently made a hit in Philadelphia. The author is Mr. Rosenberg, of this city, and the actress for whom the play was written was Mrs. Waller. It was warmly complimented by the leading daily papers of Philadelphia, and pronounced a thorough success; while it was as warmly pitched into by all the weekly ones without any exception. Indeed, we recommend the three-quarters of a column close type and all abuse of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* to the attention of our own critics, as exhibiting the kindly affection existing on the part of the City of Brotherly Love to New York talent. Seriously, however, we congratulate the author on having shown that he was worth so much, so lengthy and such unjust criticism, and trust that before long we shall have a chance of witnessing its performance in this city. Mrs. Waller will make it her strong piece in New Orleans, where she is now performing.

#### Mason & Thomas's Classical Soirees.

These staunch upholders of the classical in art gave one of their excellent concerts on Tuesday evening, the 26th inst., which was largely attended. The programme consisted of a Quartette by Mozart, No. 6; a Sonata, by Beethoven, Op. 27; Grand Sonata for piano and violin, by Raff; and Mendelssohn's Quintette in B flat, major. The performance was fully equal in excellence to the previous efforts of the gentlemen engaged. The Sonata by Raff, which was played by Mason and Thomas, as well as could be expected considering the composition, which is a wonderful piece of tortuous, discordant incomprehensibility. It sounds as though it was composed by a deaf man and written by a blind man. It sounded as though Mr. Raff was striving all in his power to dodge a concord—he wriggles and squirms, approaches very close, but darts off again in erratic contortions, and only sinks upon a common chord when "time's up" and he has to stop. Judging by this single specimen, Mr. Raff's is the most elaborately unpleasant music that we have listened to in years.

Mr. Mason played upon one of Steinway & Sons' grand pianos. It had a noble tone, and its rich and ample power filled the hall in every part.

#### Concert of Mr. J. M. V. Busch.

Mr. Busch announced a grand concert at Irving Hall for Tuesday, the 26th inst., with orchestra and chorus, but on the night of performance the orchestra was not forthcoming, so the entire first part had to be omitted, and his "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" had to be performed with piano accompaniment alone. This was a disappointing commencement, and there was little in the after performance to put us in good humor. The solos and the choruses were wretchedly sung; the performers did not know their music and were hesitating and uncertain throughout, and their exceeding inaccuracy was rendered more unbearable by the absence of anything like style or

method in their singing. Under circumstances so disadvantageous how is it possible to form an accurate opinion as to the merits of the composition? The little that was rendered intelligibly impressed us with the belief that Mr. Busch was a good musician, that he possesses a happy vein of melody, a large sense of dramatic effect, an excellent method of voicing, fair constructive powers and a fine feeling for harmony. We were more struck by the general harmony of the composition than by any novelty or originality in the ideas. The work needs some pruning, especially the codas.

Mr. Berge did wonders in keeping the stray and innocent (of music) sheep in order. He kept them as near up to the mark as possible, and in his laudable efforts he was mainly assisted by one of Steinway & Sons' noble grand pianos. It supported the chorus like an orchestra, and its admirable qualities were the theme of general admiration. We hope to have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Busch's work to greater advantage.

#### Madame Anna Bishop's Complimentary Entertainment.

This long talked-of compliment to that admirable artist, Madame Bishop, is to take place, positively, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, the 11th of April. The friends and patrons of the occasion have made up their minds to bear Madame Bishop in her most celebrated characters. They have suggested "Norma" and an act from the "Bohemian Girl," the music of which Madame Bishop renders so exquisitely. It will be a sort of gala occasion, and there will be a great turn-out of the best people in the city, for the names attached to the call are among the most prominent of our citizens.

#### LOSS OF THE YACHT MARY KINGSLAND, OF NEW YORK, ON THE FLORIDA COAST,

Near Jupiter Lighthouse—Terrible Suffering of the Crew—Inhumanity of the Lighthouse Keeper—And Final Rescue by the Steamship Cahawba.

A novel dramatic enterprise, conceived with spirit and judgment, nearly came to a melancholy termination on the Florida coast, on the 16th inst. It seems that two brothers, Christopher C. and Danforth L. Scott, with their families, started from New York, in October last, in the yacht Mary Kingland, bound down the Southern coast, to touch at the various seaports for the purpose of giving dramatic performances. They owned the yacht, which was a fine staunch vessel, and the party consisted of Christopher C. Scott and two daughters, aged fourteen and fifteen years, Danforth L. Scott, his wife and two children, aged six and ten years, all of New York. They had accomplished the greater portion of their voyage under favorable circumstances, and had met with fair success. Their last stopping place was St. Augustine, Fla., from whence they started, on the 1st of March, en route for Key West.

An account of the fearful accident which befell them is thus graphically described in a letter from a passenger on board the steamship Cahawba, who was an eye-witness to the rescue of the distressed family by the gallant first officer of that vessel, J. B. Baker, and a picked crew:

"About nine o'clock on the morning of the 16th our look-out discovered a yacht on the beach, high and dry, with a signal of distress flying. Captain Smith at once stood in for the wreck, approaching as near as prudence would warrant, and ordered his best surf boat, under the command of first officer J. B. Baker, to attempt the rescue of the unfortunate men, women and children, now clearly seen from the steamer. With intense anxiety we watched the heroic Baker and his trusty boat's crew as they dashed among the breakers, now tossed into the air, and now sinking beneath the angry sea foam. Quickly the beach is gained, and the noble surf-boat measures her length upon it. The family are gathered, and the wife and mother, with her two children and two nieces, are placed on the boat. And now the deep anxiety of the ship's company becomes intense as the boat, with its precious freight, again dashes among the breakers. The captain, with spyglass in hand, was watching every movement of the little craft, now darting upward, like a thing of life, and now dropping below the line of vision; it seemed as though we could hear the beating of every anxious heart about us, until the captain exclaimed in triumph, 'She's safe! she's safe!'

"Again the trial of another peril came, and again the brave Baker triumphed over the angry breakers, and the husbands and fathers were with their rescued families on board the Cahawba.

"On the morning of March 5, about five o'clock, a heavy north-east gale broke upon the little craft, and, despite their best exertions, they found themselves doomed to be driven on the Florida coast.

"Yielding to the fury of the tempest, they heeded for the beach, and, nerved to superhuman efforts, met the awful crash of the beach and surging billows; and, bruised and exhausted reached the inhospitable shore.

"Daylight soon revealed the surrounding desolation. A rude tent, formed from their topsail, was their only shelter from the storm. After three days of suffering, the two brothers started for Jupiter lighthouse, distant eighteen miles, leaving their families to the tender mercies of the bears and panthers, which nightly prowled about their tent.

"Their appeal for aid for their suffering families failed to move the inhuman lightkeeper. They could obtain not even a biscuit. With empty hands and heavy hearts they returned to their suffering families, to hope for rescue only from some friendly sail, or to meet starvation's bitter end. To the north was the inhuman individual who cared not for their sufferings, to the west the impenetrable swamps, and on the south, distant about one hundred and ten miles, another Government station and lighthouse, where, if reached, they might or might not procure relief. Ten days and nights of fearful suffering and forebodings came and went, and no passing sail saw or heeded their flag of distress. During this time the party subsisted mainly on the tops of the palmetto trees which grew around them. On the eleventh day of their trials, Captain Smith came, saw and rescued. The kind welcome and untiring attentions of Captain Smith and the officers and passengers of the Cahawba soon made the rescued party comparatively happy, although all their earthly possessions were left behind them on the beach. A generous contribution among the officers and passengers attested their full sympathy with the suffering and destitute strangers.

"Two things accomplished and the writer will be content; the scorn and derision of all good men of the inhuman conduct, and the dismissal from Government employ of the inhuman keeper of Jupiter light, and the just commendation of the noble and generous impulses of Captain Smith."

CHLOROFORM is becoming quite an agent in robbing the unsuspecting. On the 22d, as Captain Wright was taking his steaks after dinner on board his vessel, the Ashby, lying at pier No. 2, a couple of rogues stole into his cabin and having applied to his nostrils a handkerchief steeped in chloroform, they rifled his desk, pockets, &c. They were, however, seen by a vigilant darky, who, when they had departed, awakened the sleeping captain. The men were found in a vessel adjoining, in the very act of dividing the spoil. The chloroform applied to them was the police.

Last week a woman died in Philadelphia, who, some years ago, when the cholera ran riot in that city, and struck terror to the stoutest heart, became an celebrated Florence Nightingale for her brilliant humanity and courage. But of late years she had taken to rum, and on Wednesday, the 20th of March, she was found insensible in an open lot at Philadelphia, from exposure, destitution and rum. She died a few hours afterwards. Her name was Margaret Herman, and her age fifty.

The Rev. Mr. Kallach, whose passion for a whiskey skin and a pretty piece of calico exposed him to some ungenerous remarks some five years ago, has been invited to preach in Light Street Baptist Church. He is an eloquent and able man, and an opportunity ought to be given him to abjure his besetting sin.



## HUNTING THE CHAMOIS IN THE TYROL.

THE hotel of Achen, at the foot of the lake of the same name, is the rendezvous of the chamois hunters. There, after their toil and peril on the mountains, they hold festival, glad to celebrate by joyous libations the pleasures of meeting again safe and sound. They forget their fatigues in discoursing of the dangers to which they have been exposed, and of the expedients to which they have resorted to defeat the marvellous instinct of the chamois.

The hunting of the chamois is attended with much danger and requires great skill. First of all, the color of the animal renders it exceedingly difficult to see him. Then his agility is extraordinary; his elastic feet can plant themselves on the very smallest points of the rock, and he can clear an enormous distance at a single bound. His scent is of marvellous subtlety, being able to discover the hunter at the distance of a league if

the wind is favorable; in the contrary case, he can be approached to within forty paces. The chamois can remain several days without drinking, and when a troop of twenty-five or thirty, urged by thirst, draws near to a torrent, experienced sentinels warn them of the slightest danger by a particular cry; the troop immediately disappears, and the hunter has thereby lost the fruit of the longest and most terrible exertions. Spite of this proverbial caution, some of the chamois venture to approach the cheese dairies when the snow drives them from the lofty peaks. A chamois which was swimming across the lake of Achen was once caught by a vigorous young girl who was rowing a boat.

The costume of the hunters in Tyrol is exceedingly picturesque. A felt hat, green or black, adorned with heathcock plumes and a chamois tuft, a short vest, breeches which do not descend below the knee, in order that the leg may have its whole liberty, coarse strong shoes, duly armed with steel, form the equipment

of the Tyrolese hunter. His gun is slung to his back, and he carries in his hands a stick with an iron pike at the end. This stick is indispensable to him for climbing rocks, and for descending paths which he is often obliged to cut out for himself. A bag on his back carries the chamois which he has shot. The old hunters disdain this convenience, and simply carry the chamois on their shoulders after having tied its feet. If the roads are very rough, and if rains and the mists have made them slippery, the hunters only take the skin and the horns of the animal. In the month of October the great hunts take place. Numerous beaters drive the game to the point where the hunters are in ambush. One shudders when seeing these bold men climbing the most formidable precipices, hanging over the most frightful abysses, to force the chamois toward the ambush. Often the male chamois turns against the beater, and in the struggle which ensues both are hurled to destruction.



CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE TYROL.





OFFICE-SEEKERS IN WASHINGTON SCENE OUTSIDE THE ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE THE PRESIDENT HOLDS HIS CABINET MEETINGS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 310.



## OFFICE-SEEKERS IN WASHINGTON.

Scene Outside the Room in the White House where the President Holds his Cabinet Meetings.

OFFICE-SEEKING has become, of late years, quite a science in this great Republic, and, as an illustration of the manners of the present time, our artist in Washington has given a graphic sketch of the "mob of gentlemen" which generally gathers around the door of the room in the Executive Mansion where Mr. Lincoln holds his Cabinet meetings. When one of the Secretaries comes out from the "Sacred Presence" he is eagerly seized upon by some one who has the good fortune to know him, and is compelled to undergo the purgatory of a series of introductions almost fabulous in extent. The unhappy Minister escapes from his tormentors with the vague idea that he has been captured by a crowd of Smiths, Browns, Joneses and Robinsons. Indeed, he sometimes feels more like the rag-end of a mob himself. The enormous amount of intellect, labor, time and patriotism wasted by office-seekers always puts in mind of poor Nym's adventure of the fiddle-case, as narrated by that veracious historian, Shakespeare, who deposes that the aforesaid Nym stole a fiddle-case, carried it half a score of leagues, and then, to save himself from being hanged as a thief, sold it for a penny! If our office-seekers would bestow on some reputable calling the energy and toil they waste in securing a spoonful of Government pap, they would die happier and wealthier men.

## THE DOOM OF "WHITE-LADIES,"

OR,

## MOTHER AND SON.

## CHAPTER III.

EASTER fell early that year, and it was a remarkably cold season; when the colleges met for the May term there was hardly a promise of spring. The April twilight was falling chill and gray, like a twilight in November, when I came off my long journey, and stumbled up the staircase in a half-frozen state. Sadly comfortless did my little den at Exeter look, after the home I had left that morning. My coat was on his knees before the fire, pretending it burned badly; the truth was, he had only just lighted it. Mr. Marsden had been, he said, about an hour since, and left a note for me on the table; it was only a few lines in pencil:

"I am just come back, and thought you would have been up before me; pray come to my rooms as soon as you do return, for I am sure yours won't be warm to-night. I am now going to make up a running fire, and brew some hot punch for you."

I had dined at Taunton; so, leaving the scout to get my things in order, I went at once. The warm room, fragrant with the grateful beverage, and my friend's warm welcome, seemed to take me back home again; he thrust me into an easy chair beside the blazing fire.

"Why, you look half starved with cold, Arthur; I gave that idle rascal of a scout a regular blowing up when I went to your rooms. He had let out the fire, and the place felt like an ice-house."

"Now, Arthur," he said, when we were fairly settled, "you must tell me your news first; I have an idea, that when I once begin, you mayn't get a chance of telling it at all."

"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell. I have been home, and back again at Oxford; that is my whole history. Now for yours, Harry; you look to me as if you had a whole budget."

"I shall tell you the bad news first," Marsden began, with a trouble in his voice. "Indeed, my news from India is so bad, that my mother writes for me to go out."

"Go to India!" I exclaimed. "Was anything very serious the matter?"

"Not exactly to India, but the Cape; my father has been there some time for his health; he does not seem to recover, and my mother is uneasy about him. I wish to Heaven that they had come home last year, as they talked of doing; but he thought himself sure of a baronetcy if he kept at his post, and principally on my account he has stayed on. Why should he? I'm sure I don't want a title." Marsden gave a great poke at the fire. "My highest ambition is to take orders, and settle down in a quiet country living."

"Take orders—a quiet country living!"—how had his views become so changed? I could guess; ah! I could guess.

He did not keep me in suspense. The next minute, laying his hand on mine, and with a strange joyfulness in his face, which spoke before his words, he cried, "Oh, Arthur, wish me joy—I am the happiest of men."

I wished him joy from my heart. I told him how I guessed long since that it would come some day. And then we sat by the fire-light, I listening as he talked about her, and went over all the story of his life. And as I listened I saw how this love, which had taken root almost in childhood, had laid hold on every fibre of the heart. How, kept down, held back, concealed, it had in secret grown from strength to strength, till, overleaping every barrier, trampling all beside beneath its feet, it stood confessed, the great monopolizer, the master of the man. Among all the forms of the chief passion of our human life, this wears the crown for strength and constancy. Not less delightful than to speak of Rose herself, it seemed to be to him to unfold all his plans, to talk of his future life with her. I could but smile, knowing that openhearted, openhanded nature of him so well, to hear him say how if he had but Rose he should want so little besides. His present allowance was five hundred a year; and if Sir John would buy him a living of about that value, when he had taken orders, this, Harry said, was all he should think of asking. Mr. Paulet had left him £500; that would furnish the house. Oh, yes! Mrs. Amyott had calculated it would not only furnish the house, but pay all the expenses of the wedding trip into Switzerland.

"But why should you alter your plans?" I inquired. "Why not take your degree, then marry, and take your wife out to India?"

He shook his head. "No, that would never do; Rose could not stand the climate; her mother and the family doctor both say the same, and it is not the climate alone," he added, thoughtfully. "You know how often we have talked over Indian matters together; you see how careful my mother has been to keep me acquainted with all that is going forward. You can see that my father is almost a king, but like a king on the unequal throne imaginable. Every day brings its own difficulty, its own peril. Do you know one day last term they were talking in hall about Lord A.'s huntman? He had lost his voice through a cold, and ventured out to the dogs one night without his whip; the poor fellow was dragged down, and torn to pieces in a moment. I declare, Arthur, that story made me tremble all over. It seemed such a horrible image of what might happen to my father." He got up, and walked up and down the room. "Sir John is a cool, clear-headed man enough," he went on, as he came back to his chair; "but he says himself a great deal of his wonderful success is owing to his wife. My mother was born for the life; she is equal to any emergency; a danger which would baffle the faculties of most women only serves to quicken hers. Power is her element; she loves authority for its own sake, and, as I think, all the qualities of a ruler. But Rose, my little Rose," his voice melted into fondness as he spoke the name; "it would never suit her to queen it out here."

Having got back to this theme, the lover dwelt upon it again—it seemed to be exhaustless. But somehow, as I listened to him, I could not help thinking of Lady Marsden. Had her son, engrossed as he was with his passion, no thought, no pity, for the bitter disappointment in store for the mother, who had toiled through all those years with countless patience, energy and courage to make straight paths for the feet that should never walk in them? "Oh, this blind love," I thought, "which seals our eyes to every feeling but his own!"

Half consciously I glanced at the portrait; it was so changed in the shifting firelight, that it startled me. Where was the love, the grace, the tenderness? That red glare lent defiance to the eye and bent the brows in an angry frown, while on the lower part of the face strong shadows deepened into a gloom of pride and resolute will. Good Heavens! what a weird likeness it wore to that old Holbein at White-Ladies!

"But Arthur," cried Marsden, breaking off in the middle of a sentence, "I must have a light brought here directly, I want to

show you something. Here, Robert, light my lamp!" he shouted at the door. When the order had been obeyed, the curtains drawn and the scout had vanished again, Harry produced a morocco case, which contained an exquisite miniature of Rose.

"Is it not like her?" he asked. "I had it taken on purpose to send over to my mother; now I shall show it her myself when I tell her of our engagement."

He took it from my hand, and stood a few minutes gazing fondly at it under the light of the lamp. "Oh, Arnott, she can but love her!" he exclaimed. Again I looked from him to Lady Marsden's portrait. The brilliant light had completely restored its wonted expression, the eyes looked down with all their deep maternal tenderness on her son, on the sunny curls, and face so lovely in its guileless youth, of the miniature he held in his hand. Surely the omen was good—I accepted it for my friend.

Sir John's illness hardly cast a shadow on the joy of Marsden's welcome at the Cape. At that time, and, indeed, all through his stay, the treacherous malady granted a respite, which, as so often happens, was hailed as a revoke of the sentence. Perhaps this month was the happiest of Lady Marsden's whole life; her husband's seeming recovery dispelled a terror by which she had lately been haunted, that at her instance he had sacrificed himself to secure his son's interest. The son, for whose presence she had yearned with the longings of her deep and passionate nature, was with her at last; the child she had sent away had come back to her a man, handsome, distinguished in person, highly endowed and cultivated in mind. He surpassed her hopes, he gratified her affection, her pride, her ambition—all the ruling powers of her character at once. This was a pause, a rest, a haven in that life overlaid with action and great cares. She talked very little to Harry about his future prospects; her quick eye failed to observe his frequent distractions; she gave herself up, body and mind, to the calm enjoyment of every day as it went by—her life flowed on in a delightful dream. Watching the amendment in Sir John's health, happy in her knowledge that her son was by her side, her heart was tranquil as the sky above her, soft as the gentle air of the Madeira of the Southern hemisphere. Never, one might think, could any mother have been in a happier mood to receive such news as Harry had to give her. Then why did an inexplicable reserve hold him back? why did he let pass day after day, and the secret, which always seemed on his lips, still untold? This was just the question which he asked himself every night, as every morning he said that this should be the day. As he said to himself, he did not often see his mother alone; she was much taken up by her cares for the invalid, and he felt he could not make his confidences before his father. But he did not say to himself that he shrank from confronting Lady Marsden, that he felt his tidings would fall like a thunderbolt in the serene air. Once, indeed, he tried hard to break ground by talking of the family at Watfield vicarage, but not a shade of interest did his hearer show, hardly as much as if he had described the individuals in a flock of sheep, and very soon, indeed, she cut him short, by saying,

"Well, we will dismiss these people, Harry. I had such a very disagreeable impression of Mrs. Amyott in her young days, that if I had known that he was no other than Hetty Vance, I should have begged your uncle Marsden to find some other home for Edward. I can see from her letters she is just the same as ever, indeed she was the sort of person that neither time nor circumstances can improve; but I dare say she makes a good kind nurse for Edward, poor fellow! and as long as he is comfortable we must waive our dislikes."

"How shall I tell her? how shall I tell her?" groaned Harry to himself. But the affair concerned Rose, her mother had nothing to do with it, he comforted himself.

He did tell his secret at last. On the morning of the day before that fixed for his departure, he went into his mother's dressing-room. He had asked for this interview, and found her waiting to receive him, her heart so full of love, her eyes bright in her pride and joy. Some shade of a sweet coyness entered into the love of every woman, and thus Lady Marsden had this morning made her toilet with more than her usual care, she wished that her son should take away with him an imposing memory of his mother. Perhaps she had never, in the pride of her youthful beauty, found any tribute paid to it so delicious as she did now that pause of his at the door, that unconscious homage to her commanding person, her stately presence, her imperial air. She gave him a place on the sofa beside her; she knew beforehand, so she thought, all that he came to say. He wished, no doubt, to propose that, on account of his father's delicate state of health, he should proceed with them to India, and enter at once on his duties under Sir John. During the night she had busied herself with this scheme, and after looking at it in every point of view, had reluctantly decided not to keep her darling with her. The separation, she reasoned with herself, would not be for long; there were still some arrangements to be made before he entered upon his new duties; it was better he should begin his career with the prestige of an Oxford degree. But all through the early hours, while she was writing and sorting out papers she wished him to take back with him, the thought had been sweet to her that this plan had originated with her son. And now she prepared herself to listen while he should unfold it, with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret.

A few words—the first sentence—undecided her. As he went on, a wintry storm raged in her heart—it passed into her face. She turned quickly round upon him. But looking into his countenance, she read her own resolution, her own force of character, her own unchanging will; she seemed to see her own nature divided against itself, her inmost powers in battle array against each other. For the first time in all her life this woman felt powerless, baffled, dismayed. Where her foot had stood so firm, a sudden chasm yawned; a rock had risen across her path, before which she lay prostrate and paralyzed. She was struck into a silence, which could find no words.

The man whose heart is overflowing with love is slow to interpret an opposite emotion. Marsden put the miniature into his mother's hand, and having once begun the subject, found it easy enough to pursue; he was only too glad that she should give him a patient hearing; he felt grateful; it was more than he had expected. He told her the story of his love from its first beginning; he described Rose with intense enthusiasm; he spoke with all the eloquence, the energy, the persuasion of a lover; and Lady Marsden, bending low her face over the picture, heard his words as the call of winds, the sound of dropping waters come to a man wholly taken up with one absorbing thought. She was listening indeed, but to that voice which cried within, "As you would sacrifice everything for him, so will he for her; he will give up wealth, ambition—he will give you up, for her sake."

Nor voice nor sound did she utter till Marsden had finished all he could find to say, and appeared to wait her reply. Then she laid the portrait down with one glance upon it, a glance which comprehended all the fierceness of a burning jealousy—all the bitterness of a deep and settled hate. She rose, and said,

"Henry!"—she was not aware that she used the less familiar name—"I have listened to you; listen to me; I shall not have quite so much to say. It seems that woman has a daughter like herself; between them they have managed to entrap you."

Well might her son's blood boil as she spoke. Never, surely, had any other words held half the contempt of these, which fell so cold, so quietly from her lips. "Mother!" he cried, starting up. She motioned him back with her hand; "Nay, let me finish. I shall not lend myself to the triumph of these people. Your choice must lie between that family and your own—between me and her. For, remember, from the hour you take that girl for your wife, you cease to be my son." And without another word she left the room.

Poor Marsden! he could easily have met opposition, reproaches, but for this sentence, this cold decree, he was utterly unprepared. Unjust, cruel; so in the anguish of his spirit he judged his mother—a haughty nature, where pride had uprooted tenderness. As for Lady Marsden, no one knew the secret of her solitude that day—no human ear took in that exceeding bitter cry over her shivered hopes. She met Sir John and her son at dinner with a serene brow and her own most gracious smile; she busied herself with affectionate solicitude over sundry preparations for his comfort during the voyage. Harry could hardly realize to himself the scene of the morning; it seemed like a frightful nightmare. "She will relent, I know she will relent," he thought, as he went to talk the matter over with his father.

But he found Lady Marsden had been beforehand with him here. Sir John lay back in his easy chair, a good-natured, hard-headed man, on whose shoulders many a heavy burden had sat lightly enough; he was by no means given to sentiment, and just now his whole mind was bent on a speedy recovery, and return to his duties. Sir John cut Harry short at once, by saying:

"My dear boy, I must not excite myself about any folly of this sort. I leave the matter entirely in your mother's hand. Take her opinion—I don't mind telling you, that any time when I have not done so, I have found myself in the wrong. You must promise us one thing—that you won't be drawn into marriage before a year at least; that will give you plenty of time to see the absurdity of the whole affair. Why you will be in and out of love a dozen times before then! And now just read me those letters while I take my coffee. We must keep a tighter hand over those native rascals, I can see that—a tighter hand; and the invalid's poor worn fingers seemed to clutch at some invisible pair of reins."

Something, Marsden could not say what, in that shadowy action, in those wasted hands struck him so to the heart that he could enter no protest against the careless way in which his father spoke of his love. He gave the required promise, read the letters and wrote others, at Sir John's dictation. Next day he sailed with the portfolio of papers Lady Marsden had prepared, put away among his luggage with her own hand. There was truce between the mother and the son.

## CHAPTER IV.

Six months after Harry had left, Sir John and Lady Marsden were still staying at the Cape. Sir John was always "better—much better," he said: a little more rest—only week or a fortnight longer—and he should be quite well enough to return to India. And thus the time passed on. But a day came at last on which the invalid acknowledged himself rather worse. A letter had arrived that morning from his son, in which Marsden announced that he had obtained his degree, and stated his reasons for declining to go out to India at full length. He said it was his intention to take orders as soon as possible, and concluded by an entreaty that his father would purchase a living for him, and sanction his marriage at the end of the year of probation. This letter kindled the smouldering flame of Lady Marsden's displeasure, stung as she was to the quick that her son should set her at naught by this appeal to his father's authority. She chose to consider it as a sort of defiance. Sir John, moved by Harry's respectful tone and evident earnestness, had been quite disposed to take his part; but his wife swept away every plea with a fierce energy, and the discussion ended, as most discussions between that married pair had done, by her husband adopting her view of the subject.

But in the noon of the southern night he called her to his bedside. "Helen," he said, with a sick man's wistful gaze into her face, "Helen, your father disapproved our marriage; but we have had a happy life together. Why not let the boy be happy in his way as we have been in ours?"

"No!" was the instant answer. "No! this fancy of Harry's is quite another thing. He has fallen into a snare set by cunning persons. We must help him out of it—we must not let him destroy his prospects and make shipwreck of his whole life. They shall not gain their ends."

Sir John sighed wearily. "Well, I leave it to you. No doubt your judgment is right. You will find everything put completely in your power. Now kiss me, Helen, before I go to sleep."

The voice struck on the ear of his wife as changed and feeble, perhaps because she herself had spoken with such unflinching decision. She bent over her husband, kissed him, smoothed down his pillow, and he slept, his hand in hers. In that sleep he passed away.

The first shock of her widowhood past, I believe Lady Marsden felt much satisfaction in the knowledge that her husband's last words were literally true. By his will, made during the early years of their marriage, she was left the uncontrolled mistress of his large fortune; and both her children were entirely dependent on her. It seemed very strange that, after Harry had grown up to man's estate, Sir John should have made no change in the disposal of his property. Still, the constant pressure of public affairs on him, his long separation from his son, and his unbounded confidence in his wife, all taken into consideration, we must allow that many more unaccountable wills are proved at Doctors' Commons. A short time—only a few months—earlier, Lady Marsden would have looked upon herself simply as a steward for Harry, and would gladly have given up everything to him; now, she addressed herself to battle with something like a thrill of joy at finding a new power, a fresh weapon put into her hands. This tone pervaded her letter written to Marsden from India, whither she had proceeded from the Cape to arrange her affairs, prior to her final return to England. She offered a sort of compromise; he might take the life he preferred; if he chose to give up India and his brilliant prospects there, he was free to do so. The liberal allowance his father had made him would be continued; and whenever he should settle in the world by making a marriage worthy of himself, he would find her disposed to act most generously towards him (this was underlined). With regard to any law marriage, she went on to say, he knew her mind already, and might know it would always be the same.

On the widow's return to England, the first step she took was the removal of poor Edward from the vicarage. She made the change ostensibly that he might be placed under the care of a London physician on account of his health, then rapidly failing—indeed, he died a few months afterwards—but I have no doubt her real reason was, that she might not be brought in any way into contact with the Amyotts, and, perhaps that Harry might not have an excuse for going down to Watfield. By this time Marsden had taken orders and got a curacy in London. His parish lay too far from the West End for him to make his home with his mother, but he was often at her house, and a looker-on might have supposed that all the old affection existed between them. In reality, a wall of separation had been built up. For, if a common interest can draw even enemies together, what tie or sympathy will not give way between two persons, where the aim and hope of one is to destroy the aim and hope of the other? At the end of two years matters came to a crisis. Mr. Amyott had died rather suddenly, leaving his family in very straitened circumstances, and Lady Marsden took this occasion to write to his widow. Her letter said plainly enough that it was quite vain to hope she should ever be brought to consent to a fulfilment of her son's engagement; that, from the day he married Miss Amyott, his allowance would cease, and he would have nothing more to expect, either during his mother's lifetime or at her death. More than this, she actually offered Mrs. Amyott a comfortable annuity on the sole condition that the marriage should be broken off at once.

This letter had all the effect on the vicar's widow its writer had calculated. Bitterly disappointed in her own marriage, she knew quite enough of her former schoolfellow to feel sure that she was more than likely to keep her word. Mrs. Amyott thought it best to say nothing of the proposed annuity; but she discovered, all on a sudden, that it was a most shocking thing for Marsden to disobey his mother's wishes. So, after this engagement, which she herself had tried to bring on in every way, had lasted three years, she coolly forbade him the house. But Rose was by no means disposed to play the part of a docile daughter. If her lover were willing to give her up, she said, then she was prepared to release him from his engagement; but if not, why, she was as ready to share his poverty as she would have done his fortune. And Marsden? Rose was dearer to him than ever. Give her up! He would give up life itself first. Now, they know the worst, he argued. In spite of all, his mother loved him; once married, and all opposition vain, he felt sure she would be reconciled. Looking at Rose, he thought, indeed, that a heart much harder than his mother's most melt in that gentle presence. So pleaded the lover; and so effectually did he plead, that, in spite of all Mrs. Amyott's hysterics and reproaches, the quiet wedding took place in less than a year after the vicar's death. This imprudent young couple began the world with more than the ordinary capital of love between them, and for worldly possessions, a curacy of a hundred and fifty a-year, with a house, and just one thousand pounds, half this being Mr. Paulet's legacy, the rest Marsden had contrived to save.

The only notice Lady Marsden took of her son's marriage was to discontinue his allowance give up her house in town and go on the Continent. There she spent nearly six years, during which time, as she moved from place to place and gave Harry no clue to her address, all communication between them was effectually cut off. At the end of this period she suddenly returned to England, in the late autumn, and took up her abode at White-Ladies. She thus became my parishioner, for I had been presented to the living of Hartford, a small prebend which I could hold with my Oxford fellowship, about two years before.

Lady Marsden's advent, the tasteful and modern furniture which arrived from London, the general brightening-up of the old house, caused a stir and thrill throughout our little village which did not subside till some time after the mistress of White-Ladies had settled down into a quiet, but by no means an entirely secluded life. She drove out daily, received and paid visits among the few families of



the neighborhood, and led the ordinary life of a lady in the country. As to her son, the hard-worked London curate, struggling to keep his wife and three children with the small income on which he had married, he seemed to have dropped alike out of Lady Marsden's memory, that of her acquaintance and the villagers'. Mrs. Martin, my housekeeper, who had been in Mr. Paulet's service, spoke of him sometimes; and old Christian would ask me now and then if I had had "news lately of Master Harry?" but, with these exceptions, I never heard his name mentioned. One might have thought that among the poor of this quiet hamlet some memory would have been kept of the frank, light-hearted young man, who had always a smile, a kind word and a spare coin for the poorest among them. But is not every little world of a country town or village like the great world, in its ingratitude and unjust forgetfulness, just as the tiniest tide-pool "lies locked in with bars of sand" as brackish as the sea itself?

Lady Marsden never gave me the slightest reason to suppose that she recognized in me the Arthur Arnott who had been her son's college friend; but she received me with due courtesy, as the clergyman of the parish; and during the winter months I was regularly invited to dine at Whiteladies. I went; but I should have been glad to refuse her hospitalities. I could not sit at the well-spread table there, with all its handsome appointments, without having the painful contrast of my friend's home present to my mind. The massive urn and tea-cupage of the drawing-room at Whiteladies reminded me of a certain treasured silver teapot, in whose place a metal one had done duty ever since poor Rose's long illness; and I could not see my lady, in her soft and sweeping silks, the black Chantilly shawl folded so gracefully round her figure, the relief afforded her sombre costume by the dainty lace falling over at her throat and wrists—I could not see her without a sigh for Rose herself, in that homely dress, renewed less often every year. Still, looking in my lady's face, and thinking of the deep shadow her impenetrable reserve had cast upon her son's life—no one, not even Rose herself, knew so well as I how deep that shadow was—I could yet thank God that he was happier, richer in his poverty than she in her abundance. For, looking in this woman's face, I read there that she was not alone in her solitude, that two housemates were hers—Annie and Unrest. They sat at her table, and the food became wormwood at her lips; they watched by her couch, and sleep fled where they kept vigil.

(To be continued.)

### THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In the last number of our Illustrated Paper we gave a spirited sketch of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet deliberating upon the present important national juncture. We now present our readers with the portraits of the seven distinguished men who control the public departments at this time of unexampled difficulty. Whether collectively they are equal to the crisis the future will decide; but we have the experience of their past individual lives as a hopeful presage of moderation and sagacity, and they are all eminently men of the people even in our Republic.

**Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.**

We have in our paper of January 7, 1860, given so full a biography of this eminent statesman, that a very brief notice is all that is necessary on the present occasion. Born in Orange county, New York, on the 16th of May, 1801, he was educated at Union College, in this State, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1820, and the succeeding year established himself in Auburn, in the profession of the law. In 1830 he was elected a member of the Senate of New York State, and in 1834 was a candidate for Governor of his native State. He was, however, defeated by W. L. Marcy, afterwards the famous Secretary of State of Franklin Pierce. In 1839 Mr. Seward was again run for Governor against the same distinguished man, and was triumphantly elected. In 1849 he was chosen by the Legislature as United States Senator for six years, and was re-elected in 1855 for a similar term. At the recent Convention in Chicago he was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, but was defeated in this natural object of his ambition by a celebrated journalist. His abilities and influence being, however, indispensable to the Republican party, he was by an almost political necessity placed at the head of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Criticism on a man so well known as Mr. Seward is perfectly unnecessary, and we have only in conclusion to express our confidence that his cautious policy will lead to a peaceful settlement of our present unhappy dispute with the Southern portion of the Republic.

**Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.**

Governor Chase, as he is popularly called, was born in 1808, and educated in Washington, Ohio, by his uncle Bishop Chase, a name dear to the American people. When his uncle accepted the Presidency of Cincinnati College, young Chase accompanied his venerable relative, and studied with great assiduity and success. He then returned to his maternal home in New Hampshire, and entered himself at Dartmouth College, Hanover, where he took his degree in 1826. We next find him studying law in Washington under the well-known William Wirt, then Attorney-General of the United States. In 1829 he was admitted to the bar, and next year returned to Cincinnati, where he opened a law office. He has been a member of the United States Senate, and has twice enjoyed the distinction of being elected Governor of Ohio.

**Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.**

This eminent and successful Pennsylvanian was born in Lancaster county, in the early part of 1797. When he was quite a boy his father died, leaving the future minister to carry out his own father. In 1816 he settled in Harrisburg, and became a printer in the office of Mr. Peacock. His sobriety, industry and correct deportment made him many friends, and laid the foundation of his future fortune. After working for some years in Mr. Peacock's office he went to Washington City, and was employed as compositor on one of the journals. In 1828 he was appointed Adjutant-General; and in 1832 was made by General Jackson one of the Visitors of West Point—a compliment only bestowed upon the most distinguished citizens. For the last thirty years he has been principally engaged in the railway and banking operations of his native State, and although reproached for the affectionate care with which he looks after his own interest, he has never lost his character for honor and integrity. He was elected Senator for Pennsylvania in 1845, and on the formation of the Lincoln Cabinet was chosen to fill the responsible position of War Minister.

**Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior.**

Caleb B. Smith was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 16, 1808, and emigrated with his parents to Ohio in 1814. He received his education at the Cincinnati College and Miami Union, adopted the profession of the law and settled in Indiana. In 1832 he established and edited a Whig journal called the *Indiana Sentinel*. In 1833 he was elected a member of the Legislature—re-elected in 1834, 1835 and 1836—during the latter year he officiated as Speaker. In 1847 and 1848 he was a member of the Board of Fund Commissioners, and was a member of the House of Representatives from 1843 to 1850. Till his nomination as member of the Cabinet, he practised his profession in Cincinnati.

**Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.**

Mr. Welles was born in Connecticut, and has been for forty years a prominent politician. He was originally a Democrat, but of late years has wheeled into the Republican ranks. He was made Postmaster of Hartford by Mr. Van Buren, but resigned the office in 1840. Under Polk's Presidency he received an appointment in the Navy Department, and distinguished himself

by his application and integrity. When the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise became a Democratic measure he left his party, and the breach became still wider during the Kansas and Nebraska discussions. In 1860 he was sent as a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and formed one of the Committee to Springfield, to announce to Mr. Lincoln his nomination.

**Hon. Edward Bates, Attorney-General.**

This eminent man is a native of Virginia, having been born in Goochland, about thirty miles from Richmond, in September, 1793. His father having a large family and a very small estate, the future Cabinet Minister had to pick up his education in a desultory manner. In 1814 he went to St. Louis, and commenced the study of law in the office of Rufus Easton. In 1817 he was called to the bar, and by slow degrees acquired an excellent practice. He has been a moderate and consistent politician.

**Hon. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.**

The present Postmaster-General is the son of Francis P. Blair, a man of considerable fame in old Jackson's time. He received his education at West Point, and graduated with much honor. He then went to St. Louis, where he commenced the study of the law. He was made a Judge of the Court of Claims by President Pierce, but was removed by Mr. Buchanan. He resides at Montgomery Castle, near Silver Spring, Montgomery county, Maryland, and is much esteemed by his neighbors. He is considered one of the most persistent of the Republican Ministry. He is, however, a man of talent, integrity and application.

### DRAMA.

**Wallack's Theatre.**—The most interesting dramatic event of the week was the production at this house, on Wednesday evening, of a new comedy translated from the French, by the theatrical critic of the *Herold*, Mr. Wilkins. The title of this piece is "Henriette," and we cordially congratulate both author and audience that the former has had the honesty to discard at once all claim to originality, seeking only the credit due to a conscientious and capable translator and adapter. This is, indeed, refreshing in these days of wholesale and unblushing literary piracy. The comedy of "Henriette" is, in every respect, a charming production; the plot is slight, but worked out with great taste and tact, and the dialogue sparkles throughout with gems of the first water. It is hardly necessary, after the attention—and well-deserved attention, too—bestowed upon this comedy by our daily contemporaries, that we should give a synopsis of the plot; suffice it to say, that success was complete, the audience, during several of the scenes, being literally convulsed with laughter. "Henriette" is put upon the stage with considerable care and acted well, but, with the exception of the parts of Henriette and Emile Lefebvre, entrusted respectively to Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Lester Wallack, hardly so well as we have a right to expect at this house. Mrs. Hoey, for instance, made the rôle of Madame Latour entirely too heavy, and Mr. Young dressed and acted in a manner that would have caused unmitigated astonishment in the salons of a chateau in Normandy.

Perhaps, however, the very exquisite acting of Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Lester Wallack should make amends for other shortcomings; with the audience this was evidently the case, and we have seldom seen either of these admirable artists more thoroughly equal to their task than they are in this comedy. On their shoulders rests the burden of the piece, and they bear it as lightly and buoyantly as though it were a feather. If the public is indebted to Mrs. Wilkins for a sparkling, dashing, brilliant comedy, he is no less indebted to Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Lester Wallack for a large share of its success.

**Winter Garden.**—Miss Annette Ince, a young lady with a California reputation, made her debut in New York, at this house, on Wednesday of this week, meeting with a fair share of success. We shall have more to say of her when we have seen her to better advantage than in so ungrateful a part as Parthenia.

**Niblo's.**—Of this house there is only the old story to be told—Mr. Forrest still acting the same roles over and over to crowded houses. The Nixon Circus has returned from Havana, and will occupy the off nights. Questionable taste, we think.

**Miss Keene** has added to the apparently exhaustless attractions of "The Seven Sisters," by introducing a new danseuse, Mlle. Helena. She is both pretty and clever.

**Barnum's American Museum.**—We can only reiterate what we said—that to while away an hour or a day, or even a week, there is no pleasanter place than the Great Showman's Castle, at the corner of Broadway and Ann street. Dramatic performances are given to those who admire the drama, while the thousand and one curiosities are for all who admire art and nature. Barnum's American Museum is an institution that grows with the growth of New York, and is the Elephant of Gotham.

### PERSONAL.

**Hon. T. CORWIS**, our newly appointed Minister to Mexico, has appointed his son as his Secretary of Legation.

**Hon. CAMERON M. CLAY**, Minister to Spain, has given the Secretaryship of the Mission to his nephew, who, although a Democrat, is a moderate man and of great ability.

**Hon. EPHRAIM WILLIAMS** died at Stonington on the 23d March, after a very brief illness.

**Hon. G. W. FORTANTON**, Member of Congress for Pennsylvania, died at Scranton on the 24th March.

The  *Tribune* says that Major Anderson has declared that should any resistance be offered to the vessel sent by President Lincoln to take his troops away, he will open his batteries. We think he might have spared the threat; the Secessionists will be too glad to get rid of the inconvenient hero.

The  *Charleston Courier* of the 23d, in mentioning the arrival there of Mr. Holmes and family from Washington, says that, before he left the Capital, Mr. Seward desired him to say to the people of Charleston that he was for a peaceful settlement, and would do everything in his power for an amicable arrangement of the affairs of the country.

The Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy, Col. Mann, Yulee and Rust, are to embark in a day or two for London. They are specially charged to negotiate a recognition with the British Government of the new Republic, and also to make arrangements for the regular employment of the Great Eastern.

**FIRTH**, the song writer, is, we understand, engaged by Firth, Pond & Co. to write popular ballads on the topics of the day.

**VERDI**, who has lately been elected to a seat in the Italian Parliament, is busy in writing a national song for the Italians.

The  *Detroit papers* give an account of a muss in that city last Sunday, in which Susan Denin and her husband, Huntington, undertook to thrash the editor of the  *Freeman's Journal* for an article appearing in that paper to his discredit. Mrs. Susan was very anxious to assist in the job, but was restrained. Huntington appears to have succeeded in his undertaking about as "John Pankin" did when he got the senior editor down and held him by inserting his (John's) nose between the enemy's teeth. After their adventure, the amiable pair are said to have returned to Canada.

It is said that Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, objects to Mr. Wilson, editor of the  *Chicago Journal*, as his Secretary.

**MR. WM. L. YANNEY** has been presented with a superb team of bays by Benjamin Robertson, Esq., of Kentucky. They were forwarded from Cincinnati to W. L. Y. last week.

**MR. HALDREMAN**, the new Minister to Sweden, is the editor of a Republican paper at Harrisburg, and an old personal friend of Secretary Cameron. Gen. C. appears to take pleasure in remembering his old typographical associates.

Since there seems to be a difficulty in suiting Mr. Schurz with a mission, why not make him our Minister at Berlin? It would be interesting to see if the present despotic sovereign of that noble people would dare to hang him!

All the American Presidents, except Gen. Harrison, had blue eyes. So had Shakespeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon and Humboldt.

**MR. COCKE'S**, the proprietor of the famous place of resort at West Point, which was destroyed by fire on the 1st ult., does not intend rebuilding his hotel in time for the ensuing season. He will, however, reconstruct it of brick, and increase the capacity to nearly double the size of the old structure. He will have it in readiness for visitors in the summer of 1862.

**CAMERON MORRIS** and **SEMMER**, the former from Florida and the latter from Alabama, have both resigned their appointments, and will leave West Point immediately for Montgomery. The latter young gentleman is a son of Commander Raphael Semmes, who resigned from the navy about a month ago. There are now no cadets at West Point from the Seceded States.

**GEORGE N. FARRIS** is now in Montgomery, Alabama. Although a Union man, under a certain aspect, he is too much of a philosopher to break his heart if he is compelled to accept the Consulate to Liverpool under the Southern Confederacy. Let him, however, beware of another Ostend Manifesto.

It is said that a party of capitalists are about commencing a factory at Columbus, Georgia, which will give the chance of being the Lowell of the Southern men are engaged in the enterprise, and Mr. Thayer's name is said to be one of those most prominent in the movement.

**M. MINES**, of Paris, is the John Sadler of the House of Commons. So says *Photo*, of Broadway.

### FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

THERE is a murderous principle in human nature, which ever and anon comes out in such exhibitions as Biondia's rope-dancing and tests of that description, including the building of leucant-bowes. An English paper contains a thrilling account of the narrow escape one of these rope-dancers had on the 2d March, at the Rock Gardens, North Cliff, Scarborough. That place of amusement is at present occupied by Pablo Faugue's equestrian company. Attached to the company is a Madame Selvi, a daring wire-walker. The performance on Saturday afternoon was announced to be commenced by Madame Selvi walking on a wire at a considerable incline, from the garden to the roof of the saloon. This she accomplished most satisfactorily. She returned down the wire about two-thirds of the way, and then engaged in sundry feats, the last of which was kneeling to make her obeisance. While in this position the wind blew her off her balance, and the pole fell from her hand. She caught hold of the wire, and swung in the air for a time. Her wild screams for help, and the confusion, screaming and fainting among the crowd cannot be described. For five minutes did she cling to the wire with fearful tenacity, and at length it was slackened, and she was drawn to the side of the cliff and released. Her hands were very much cut, and she was greatly exhausted.

A REMARKABLE accident occurred lately in London. Mr. Vanitart's house-keeper, during the late hurricane, in attempting to close the shutters of the drawing room was blown out of the window, and, falling on the stone area, was so fatally injured that she died next day. The jury rebuked Mr. Vanitart for his cruelty in not having proper medical attendance for her.

DURDEN, the assiduous clerk of the Commercial Bank, which establishment he cheated out of £70,000, has been committed to take his trial upon three charges, one of them an embezzlement ten years ago. Had not nature stepped in and smote the culprit with paralysis, there would seem to have been no chance of detection till he had, ransom-like, brought down the entire establishment by embezzling every dollar of their capital. His ruin was a main for building and house property, which passion, however, seems to have been a very unprofitable one to him, since he lost in ten years £50,000 by it.

It will be remembered that while the Duke of Newcastle was here attending the Prince of Wales, his daughter took advantage of his absence to marry Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, much to her father's displeasure. This young nobleman, member of the British House of Commons, and son of the late Marquis of Londonderry, was arrested lately in Coventry street, Haymarket, charged with riotous conduct. He was so evidently insane that he has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

A FRENCH gentleman, M. du Chailu, has been engrossing the attention of the savants in England, delivering lectures and narrating his travels in Western Africa, that strange country immediately south and north of the equator, inhabited by cannibal negroes, gorillas and ferocious chimpanzees. M. du Chailu had divers adventures with the black cannibals, and shot twenty-two gorillas.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDON, poet and libeller, has written a letter to the *London Athenaeum*, proposing his plan for the settlement of the great Italian question. It is not very original, consisting in giving the Castel Gandolfo to the Pope, and 300,000 crowns a year for his support. Then the French troops can be withdrawn.

THE arrest of Mirer, the great Jew swindling millionaire, has been followed up by the resignation of various officials in the French household. Among others implicated, it is rumored, is the Emperor's Private Secretary, McQuard. The corruption of French politics almost equals our own.

MR. JINGOET, M.P. for Galway, moved, on the 4th March, in the House of Commons, for information on the subject of the Southern Confederacy of America, and when Lord Palmerston intended to recognize it. He is one of the Directors of the Galway Steam Company.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A DREKKEH brute, named John Marr, residing in Plymouth street, Brooklyn, committed on the 23d a murderous assault on his wife with an axe; and upon Mr. and Mrs. Stout, his neighbors, rushing in to see what was the matter, he attacked them, and fractured Mrs. Stout's skull. The injured persons were taken to the hospital. The wretch escaped, but the police are on his trail.

A YOUNG man named Manuel Cyphers was locked up in the Ninth Ward station-house on the 23d of March, on the charge of intoxication. The cells in this place are made of thick strips of wood, and resemble a chicken-coop more than a secure lock-up for the detention of prisoners. Some one had carefully left a paper of pulverized bluestone upon one of the strips. The parcel fell down upon Cyphers' face, and his eyes and nostrils were filled with the poisonous substance. Everything possible was done to relieve the poor man, but it is feared that his sight is permanently destroyed.

A CRIMINAL case is now up before our Supreme Court. A citizen of Luzerne county, Eliza Harris, died some time ago, leaving a large farm, but no money. At the sale of his personal effects, David Henschel purchased an old article of furniture, giving fifteen cents for it. It was afterward discovered to spin it up it was paid the poor Parlyous had to pay, but went to Marshall Barham, who summoned the swindling hotel-keeper before his Honor the Mayor, who compelled him to refund thirty-two dollars, allowing five dollars for the two days' board and a bottle of wine. Surely the man ought not to have been allowed so easy a quittance. His Honor, like Chaucer's priest, shrives sinners very pleasantly.

A SAD case of kidnapping a child and its recovery has lately come to light. An Irishwoman named McCluskey met at the doorway of Mr. Greenman, who resided in James street, his little daughter, aged about two years, and, seizing the child the microant took it with her on a begging tour, and was discovered after keeping the parent in a state of agonizing suspense for nearly three weeks. The child was recovered near Sing Sing, the spot to which the wretch McCluskey ought to be consigned for life.

THE manner in which swindling is tolerated in New York is one of the mysteries of the municipal government. A couple of Frenchmen arrived here one day last week, and were enticed into a den of inquiry in Morris street, kept by a man named Joyce, who agreed to board them at seventy-five cents a day for each. When they were on the point of departing, after two days' stay, the man Joyce presented a bill for thirty-seven dollars, and detained their baggage till it was paid. The poor Parlyous had to pay, but went to Marshall Barham, who summoned the swindling hotel-keeper before his Honor the Mayor, who compelled him to refund thirty-two dollars, allowing five dollars for the two days' board and a bottle of wine. Surely the man ought not to have been allowed so easy a quittance. His Honor, like Chaucer's priest, shrives sinners very pleasantly.

THE Prince Albert, Captain Walker, sailed from Canal street pier on Tuesday, the 26th, for Galway. The Adriatic has been bought for this line. The proprietors have purchased the Collins' Dock for their sailing place.

ON Sunday morning a fire broke out at 663 Broadway, which destroyed Mozart Hall, the hive of the Woodmen, and Canterbury Hall, a famous place for song and lager. The destruction was complete. We are happy to add that the parties are insured.

DETECTIVE REMEK, of Washington, lately made at a house in that city a seizure of nearly a quarter of a million of bogus notes, including plates and dies. It is supposed that much of this counterfeit money is in circulation.

A MARRIED woman named Hunt eloped with a single man, Mr. Ransford, both of Oswego Falls. The deaconess husband sent a detective after them, who, overruling the guilty couple, made the lady disgorge the money she had robbed her husband of, and then let them proceed on their way to Canada.

WILLIAM AMOS, whose approaching execution at Hudson City we named in our last paper, committed suicide on the 21st of March, in his cell, by cutting the vein in his left arm, and also a vein in his throat. Not being discovered till an hour after he had committed the act, all efforts to save his life were unavailing. He persisted in declarations of innocence to the last. The instrument he used was the blade of a penknife, about 1-10 inches in length. He was buried on Saturday in Greenwood Cemetery. He was in his fifty-second year.

ON Thursday, the 21st of March, New York was visited by one of the severest snow storms ever remembered. The cars for many miles around were delayed for hours, and some of the roads were quite impassable. On the Hudson and Erie lines the wind had drifted the snow to nearly seven feet, and it was some hours before the traffic could be resumed. Wonderful to add, that, so far as we can learn, the storm has been unattended by any accident or loss of life.

A VERY amusing investigation is progressing at a certain room (47) of the Astor House, which we think must give our friend Charley Weston considerable amusement. It is to inquire into the incorruptibility of the New York harbor masters—a virtue which till now was never considered as doubtful. It appears that certain of the harbor masters have occasionally given good berths at the piers to certain parties who were willing to pay for the accommodation. Surely this is an inquiry into the corruption of the spigot while the bung-hole is left alone! We cannot, however, refrain to call attention to two facts in the investigation. The first is that when a witness named Acable said that he knew the rascality of the Republican party, the Committee came to the conclusion that Acable was "grossly intoxicated." The next is the joke, which is evidently considered worthy of much laughter, contained in this "innocent extract":

"Mr. Acable—The gentleman owes me eighteen dollars now, and I should certainly take it out. (Laughter.)"

"Mr. Hope—Mr. Acable owes me eight dollars. (Increased laughter.)"

The Committee then adjourned to meet at Albany on Friday next, at three P. M.

NOW, why an eight dollar joke should provoke more laughter than an eighteen dollar one is a mystery which we shall send an artist and special correspondent to Albany to find out.

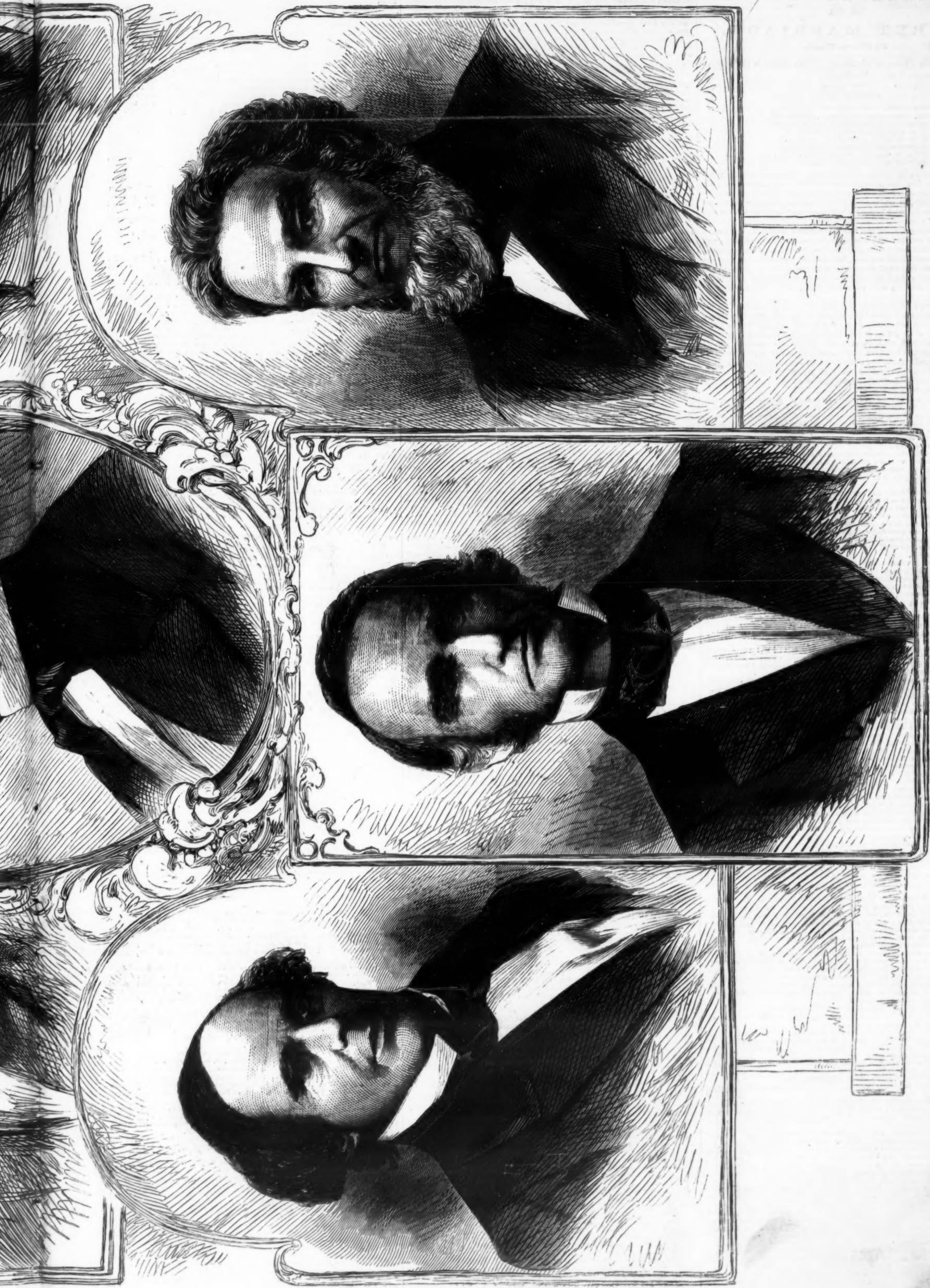
NEW JERSEY has at last regained her position in society. Last week the bill for entertaining Abe Lincoln for three hours, while on his way from New York to Harrisburg, was audited. It was for the moderate sum of \$3,008.71, or \$680 an hour, or \$10 a minute, with \$3 to treat Columbus with drinks. If Abe Lincoln had stayed at Trenton as long as the seventy-one Jaccuses did in New York, the bill would have amounted to upwards of eleven millions of dollars! What a narrow escape the nation has had!

ON Tuesday, the 26th, a fire broke out between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, at the Western Hotel, Cortland street, which, owing to the hour, was unattended with any loss of life. It originated in the drying department. The damage is about \$6,000, and is insured.









Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War  
Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury — Photographed by J. F. Ryder, of Cleveland, O

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy  
Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State  
Hon. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General

Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior  
Hon. Edward Bates, Attorney General

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CABINET.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 311.



## ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

She speaks.  
Oh, speak again, bright angel, for thou art  
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger from heav'n  
Unto the white upturn'd wondrous eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the airy racing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.—Shakespeare.

Pharisee remained a moment only with Lady Kingswood senseless in his arms. Her immunity from the humiliation of his touch rested alone in his utter weakness and exhaustion from the recent attack he had suffered. From absolute want of strength, he was compelled to rest her inanimate form against the base of the marble columns beneath which they stood, and await in fear and apprehension her restoration to consciousness.

It was in this moment, when the base and licentious passion he entertained for this misguided woman might have been supposed to have exhibited itself in some of the vilest deformities, that it showed no sign. Pharisee, whose brain was yet unsettled and confused, and could be concentrated on any one point only by a severe mental strain, was filled with a nervous dread of the sudden appearance of Lord Kingswood, of whose wrath, under the circumstances of such a discovery as he would then make, he had a most wholesome fear.

Had he, in such a situation, been endowed with the possession of all his faculties, it is impossible to foresee to what extent his base, unworthy nature would have tempted him; but faint in power, weak and wandering in mind, he thought alone of the hazard of the situation and the necessity of terminating an interview which could be prolonged only at the imminent risk of being broken in upon by him from whom, of all men, it was imperative that it should be concealed. He had no restoratives, he dared not leave the spot in quest of any, and could do nothing but stand trembling, listening in fear to the gaspings of Lady Kingswood, and straining his powers of hearing to catch the sound of an approaching footstep.

Lady Kingswood was gifted with strong passions, and endowed with singular energy, but they were improperly directed. Had they been rightly guided, she would have been a brilliant example of the position in human society which it is possible for a woman to command. But her passions were wasted in the unworthy, futile promptings of an unrequited jealousy, and her energies in efforts to discover the truth of her, in most instances, base and suspicious.

Thus it was the force of her passion which deprived her of consciousness when she heard Pharisee's communication as a fact that her husband—Lord Kingswood—had wronged her—her, a daughter of one of the noblest houses in the kingdom, disgracing, humbling, abusing her, by thrusting her with cold-blooded iniquity into the horrible position of being wife and no wife.

So much blow as this she had expected for years. She had been hunting for it where even she had not the direction in which she was seeking—no real cause to search, and it had come now with a terrific force, which, for the moment, seemed as if it had annihilated her.

A previous marriage, with a child born, herself disgraced, and her son an illegitimate child, was a discovery enough to have maddened a woman endowed with yet more powerful mental qualifications than she possessed. Death, ruin, in its ordinary sense, could have borne, but such tremendous disgrace as this was insupportable.

When, with ghastly visage and panting breath, recovered from her absolute swoon, she turned her face, lit up by the feeble rays of the lamp, to Pharisee, she was terrified by its expression.

At all times the inefficient light from a small hand-lamp lends to the countenance a ghastly character, but there was something fierce and demoniacal in her eyes, and in the rigid set of her features, which made him tremble and turn cold.

As she clutched him once more by the wrist, he saw her white teeth grating together with rage and agony, as though she would grind them to powder, while bubbles of foam stood thickly on her lips, terribly exhibiting the intensity of her emotion.

"Pharisee," she exclaimed, hoarsely, "the die is cast; I will be revenged most fearfully, most horribly revenged! I have been outraged beyond all parallel, and though Lord Kingswood had ten thousand hearts, I would rend, destroy, crush them all!"

"For mercy sake, my lady, be calm," returned Pharisee, with chattering teeth. "He calm, I implore you; speak over, or Lord Kingswood will hear us." "I care not; I am by him committed to disgrace, humiliation, destruction—to my revenge!" she replied, passionately. "He shall know to his fearful cost what it is to rouse my hatred and my spirit of vengeance."

"My lady, I entreat you to listen to me," exclaimed Pharisee. "I have told you circumstances which have yet to be proved." "He has himself admitted them," she said, gloomily.

"To me, my lady, I grant," returned Pharisee, urgently; "but reflect, consider, think for an instant. Suppose you were to charge his lordship with his guilt, and when the hour comes that all must be known, then you may hurt those words in his face—You have shamefully wronged me. Know, O proud Lord Kingswood, such has been my revenge—such your bitter humiliation."

Lady Kingswood drew a deep breath.

"It shall be so," she murmured, between her clenched teeth; "your view is the wiser one. I will be silent, but being silent, still will I make him writhe with the fiercest agencies of horrible suspicion. You will at the same time, Pharisee, lose not a moment in your researches into this foul conspiracy against me, and—I believe—I may confide in your devotion to me?"

"You may, Lady Kingswood. I have already most earnestly assured you," he returned, in a low but emphatic tone.

"Wholly and utterly," she exclaimed, with equal emphasis.

"Wholly and utterly," he murmured, sinking again before her upon his knees, and clasping his hands.

"By your soul!" she ejaculated, bending over him, and pointing heavenwards. "O! that she should have done so for a purpose so reprehensible. I am your slave to the death," he murmured, in a guttural tone. "O! Lady Kingswood, I am past notice!"

He checked himself. A flash of thought curbed the premature disclosure he was about to make, and which would have ruined him with Lady Kingswood for ever. He, therefore, after an instant's pause, added—

"Devoted to your ladyship's interest; the very humblest but most faithful of your creatures."

Then she trembled all over like an aspen; then she felt faint and cold as ice, for she cast her eyes unawares in the direction of the door, but with a sudden effort, as her wrongs for the first time before her eyes, she drew from her bosom a note.

"You know the Marquis of Chillingham's?" she said, in a hasty whisper. "Go there at nine o'clock to night, send up this card to him; you will be admitted to his study—to an interview with him alone; then hand to him this—(A spasmodic sigh burst from her lips)—this note," she added, with difficulty. "After he has read it, he will return an answer, which you must conceal and bring to me. Alone, here will I meet you, in the dead night-time, two hours past midnight. Be faithful!"

She placed the note in his hands as she concluded, and then, as if fearing further to hear the sound of his voice or her own, she glided from the picture-gallery, leaving him alone and in intense darkness.

wrong. If she was not inwardly acquainted that she was erring in this very act alone, why disguise her hand? It is well; it will not do to plead innocence of intention with me. I will have none of it when my hour comes. She caught my hint of the mode of revenge and adopted it readily enough, and it shall go hard but I am connected with the bitter humiliation she purposes fastening upon my Lord of Kingswood."

Proceeding to a drawer he took from it a very small palette knife, and making this exceedingly hot, he, after having wiped it clean, skillfully slid it under the wax, and thus opened the note without injury to the impression on the seal.

He read the contents, which ran thus: "I cannot give you the meeting promised at present; the illness of my boy will confine me to his chamber. Have you obtained any particulars respecting the secret of the family? If so, can you not forward them to me by trustworthy messenger—the bearer of this—in cipher; any shape, so that I am relieved from my intolerable suspense?"

There was no signature to it, but Pharisee saw that in this communication the hand was not disguised, and that was enough for him.

He sat down and copied it with elaborate care and great fidelity, and then folding up the copy exactly in the same fashion as the original, he, with the aid of his small knife, removed the seal from the letter, and with remarkable skill transcribed it to the former, fastening it by the aid of the hot knife, which, having heated the portion of the paper on which the seal was to rest, caused the wax to adhere to it.

The copy thus exactly like the original he placed within a small pocket-book, while the original he dropped into a wallet which he kept within a secret pocket, invisible to most human eyes unconscious of its existence—except old Pengreep's.

Then he retired, fatigued and weary, to bed. Lord Kingswood's wife had done him good service, but after some refreshing sleep, he applied to some restoratives, the virtue of which he was acquainted with, and passed the whole of the following morning in planning, scheming, and revelling in the coming of the long-anticipated consummation of his hopes and his revenge.

It was during this time that he was engaged in his scheming that he was perplexed and disturbed upon one subject. He could not recollect the result of his visit to Pen, rep.

He was well aware that some important communication had been made to him, and that he had repeated it to Lord Kingswood, but of its nature he could form no other notion than that which the few mysterious words which his lordship had let drop offered him.

It was something about a "fame," "the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," but the more he tried to recall what it was, the more he was puzzled. He was in the position of a man who remains in possession of his mental faculties up to a certain point in his potations, after that, oblivion ensuing, he cannot remember either what he said or did.

It was necessary that he should again visit old Pengreep, not only to obtain again from him what he had already communicated, but further and equally important matter, as well as proofs to verify what he had asserted.

He remembered Miss Virgo distinctly; the whole of his passage with her repeated itself in his mind with singular clearness. He had no anxiety to renew the acquaintance he had made with her, brief as it had been, but he comforted himself with the assurance that now, knowing him to be a friend of the master of the small household, she would receive him with courtesy and treat him with blandness.

He resolved that his first visit that day should be to the old man, and that he would transact his business with him before he proceeded to the Marquis of Chillingham's. It was impossible to foresee what shape his conference with the latter might take, and he thought it wise to be possessed of as much of the Kingswood mystery as he could. Accordingly, not quite remembering old Pengreep's address he referred to his wallet, where for safety he had placed it.

He looked carefully through the wallet, but he failed to find the card. It occurred to him also that there were other papers missing. It was palpable that the bulk had diminished, and he went over what was left. A cold shiver at trickles down his forehead, for he could not find the original of the papers he had stolen from Lady Kingswood's desk, and likewise an old, small oil, to which he had once heard Lord Kingswood say he attached the greatest importance, and he therefore pursued it.

He ransacked his wallet a dozen times; he rushed to his desk, fastened with a patent lock, and opened it with trembling fingers. Not one of the papers to which he attached so much importance could he find.

A deadly faintness seized him. Had they been stolen—if so, by whom? Had he lost them? If he had, and they should be brought back to Lord Kingswood, the whole tragedy now enacting would be brought to an abrupt and terrible conclusion.

Now he again tortured his brain to remember what had transpired at Pengreep's, but in vain, and he determined to lose no time in seeking him out.

He could not recollect the name of the place he intended to visit, but he thought he could remember the house. He quite well recollected the route he had taken on the former occasion, and the inquiries he had been forced to make, together with the answers he had received, and he set out from Lord Kingswood's with a heavy heart, but a hope that his natural acuteness would carry him successfully over his difficulty.

He had a strong impression that old Pengreep knew something about the papers he had missed, but under what circumstances it was impossible to determine.

It was in the dusk of the evening, when darkness was rapidly setting in, that he found his way to Gray's Mount, and, with nervous finger, took possession of the well-remembered brass knocker. Upon this occasion he abandoned the summons by single-knock style, and performed a slight, timid flourish, which might have been the handiwork of a schoolmistress whose account had been overdue at least two months.

He had not long to wait; the door opened suddenly and swiftly, and the elongated person of Miss Virgo presented itself. A card was in the window, announcing the vacancy of the "Genteely Furnished," and a presumption that a candidate for the brick-wall prospect had arrived, caused her to arrange her features with as much complacency as she could squeeze into them, and her golden chain traces into as trim order as they would submit to.

When she cast her eyes upon her visitor, she instantly recognised him, and the aspect of her visage changed from sunny to iron—a bitter unkindly frost. The door would have closed, but that Pharisee adroitly inserted a cane he carried between it and the door-jamb, so that it would not shut to, and then she flung it open, with a view of attempting the feat of flinging him off the doorstep. He raised his hands deprecatingly to her, and cried rapidly.

"Miss Virgo—my dear lady, my blessed angel, Miss Virgo—I pray you to listen to me for one instant only."

Blessed angel, lady, were words which the maiden dame had not heard for years, and they no sooner reached her ear than she softened.

"How dare you call me Virgo, man?" she cried, with an evident approach to conciliation. "My name is Virgo."

"I beg a million pardons," returned Pharisee; "my very enchanting friend, I meant Virgo—you perceive there is only an a—little difference."

"Oh yes! that's all very well," she returned, tossing her head, "but that little makes a very serious difference. I am a Virgo I admit, but that I am a Virgo—I should just like to catch the fellow who dares to call me that name. Mild as I am, I would wrench his whiskers out by the roots."

"What extraordinary wit, what enchanting repartees!" exclaimed Pharisee, aping the blandest of smiles. "I am truly not sorry that I committed the sin, for I have brought out your powers of fascination."

Miss Virgo smiled and Pharisee bowed. He was frightfully alarmed for fear he should bring out her powers of pugilism, hence his extreme courtesy to her.

"Oh, really, I never!" exclaimed Miss Virgo, raising a large bony, red hand before her face in lieu of a fan, than which, if anything, it was a little larger; "may I ask the object of your visit? Pray step within."

"Name your price, you angelic sweetness," he returned, as quickly as possible.

"A wedding ring," she answered, with promptness.

"You shall have it set with diamonds," he said, rubbing his hands, "on one condition, however."

"Name it," she ejaculated, laconically.

"That you acquaint me with the name of the individual you are about to crown with felicity," he responded, smiling in her face.

"Yourself!" she promptly returned.

Pharisee staggered back, and laughed vacantly.

"Come here," she said, beckoning him to approach her. "This is business. Now, mind me, Mr. Pharisee, I am in earnest. I am tired of living a lone and desolate virgin here, always with that villain Pengreep, who behaves worse than an ogre to me. I have lived single long enough, and I want to change my state; the man who has me will secure a prize in the lottery of married life. Now, I have not offered myself before, but I do to you, and I'll tell you why. You are connected with the Kingswood family. I know pretty well their whole history, and I know where the papers are that will tell all I don't know. I know a precious lot about that Mr. Gower who was here, and I know pretty much about that yellow-faced, pining, leech-sick girl, who was here, too, and a great deal more about the gentleman, Mr. Vernon—you know his name. In fact, I know their histories and their secrets; they make so much fuss about, and I can put my hand at a moment's notice on all their papers—and on yours too, for I know who took them and where they are."

"But can you get them?" inquired Pharisee, eagerly.

"I have a master key," she exclaimed, in a triumphant tone. "Now, you can have all these papers and money too—if you take me with them. But you must give me your power now, this moment. Am I to be your wife, with all I have promised you?"

"The was a golden prize, indeed; but the hook which must be gorged with it made him, she in the gills to think of it."

"I ought to be the proudest fellow in the world!" he exclaimed; "and am—I am—I say, of course I am, but—"

"You won't have me?" she suggested, with a sudden fierceness.

"I did not hint that for a moment," he returned, hastily, holding up his hands in a deprecating manner. "I meant to suggest that you would expect me to marry you before—I say before—you put me in possession of the very valuable—I do not deny, most valuable—documents, of which you have spoken."

"Of a moral certainty," she replied, directly. "What security should I have else? You men are such vile deceivers. I wonder how I have the notion of trusting myself with even such a weak specimen of the artful race as you."

"But you know, my beauty," responded Pharisee, cunningly, "if I were to marry you, my first security might not be of an available nature."

"What do you propose?" she asked, in a very matter-of-fact tone.

"To be plain with you," he said, with an appearance of frankness, "if you will restore to me those papers which, as you say, were taken from me on my last visit here, and show to me the others you have mentioned, and give me some proof that you can put these instruments into my possession, I will marry you—to-morrow, if you like—and love you ever afterwards."

Miss Virgo caught him round the neck.

"It's a bargain!" she cried, and inflicted a vigorous smack upon his lips, which all but suffocated him, more, however, with the odor of brandy, which penetrated through his mouth, nostrils and ears, than the force of her salute.

"E wrung his hands with a strength that made him cry out with agony, for he had ring on his fingers, but he bore all with seeming delight, for he had a great object to gain."

"Come with me up to his room," she exclaimed, in a whisper, "being her finger to counsel caution, and nodding and winking at him as she did so. "I'll quickly perform my part of the bargain," she added in a tone that made his flesh crawl.

She led the way on tiptoe up the stairs, and Pharisee followed her closely. On reaching the door of Pengreep's chamber, she went down on her knees and drew from her pocket a key.

At the same moment the door flew open with sudden and startling swiftness, and Pengreep confronted them.

Miss Virgo fell on her face in an agony of fright, and Pharisee sank down on the ground in mortal terror, unable to utter a word.

### CHAPTER XL.

Disdain and sorrow seem her breast to rend,  
While from her eyes the copious tears descend,  
And trickling down her lovely visage, run  
Like lucid pearls transparent in the sun  
O'er her fair cheeks the crystal moisture flows,  
Where lilacs mingle with the neighboring rose.  
So wet with dew the flowers at dawning day  
To balmy gales their opening sweets display  
Aurora views and gathers from the mead  
A varied garland for her radiant head,  
Thus sweet in woe appears the weeping dame.—Tasso.

IMMEDIATE, the stern and relentless, having adopted "a masterly inaction" as the more terrible mode of working out his revenge, Lord Kingswood was placed in the harassing and anxious position of one who has to combat with menacing and awful forebodings—brain-phantoms, guilt-spectres, conjured evils, hanging over him, suspended by flimsy threads, which a breath might at any time let loose to crush him.

He had only one loophole of relief, but even that had its moments of inexpressible torture in the shape of maddening apprehensions. A word negligently uttered, a phrase thoughtlessly spoken, a look wrongly interpreted, would pierce his brain with acute agony, and drive the blood back to his heart, leaving his features white and rigid as marble.

The loophole of relief was the post he had accepted in the Government. It would have been one of onerous responsibility to him, but that its very burdens gave him an escape from thoughts upon his private affairs. He entered with seeming zeal and a large appetite for labor upon his duties, the secret of which we have already explained. Yet even in the midst of complicated and difficult matters a sudden nervousness would seize him, and he would regard the abrupt opening of a door with a violent beating of the heart, under the feverish apprehension that Ishmael would appear in the midst of his colleagues, denounce him as a bigamist, and, handing over to the custody of officers, degrade him beyond all redemption by consigning him to a prison.

The bitter mental agony, and the gloomy sorrow which Ishmael had suffered at the hands of Lord Kingswood, were now being repaid to his lordship with fearful interest. His honor threatened with a damning blot which would obliterate it, his pride menaced with a humiliating blot, his faith in his wife's integrity withered to a shred, and the happiness of his son—if not his very life—destroyed, were instalments of torture and vengeance almost sufficient to annihilate Lord Kingswood's reason. It was a withering retribution, and he felt it as such.

He exhibited its ravages in his haggard face, his restless eyes, his unsettled demeanor. In his own mansion he would rarely, when in it, be at home to any one unless he knew the object of the call to be Ministerial business, and then he always brought the interview abruptly to a close by transferring his arrangement to his official residence. His coachman had orders to drive him with great rapidity, and to avoid the park.

He feared to meet again the man he had so deeply wronged and whom he now hated with the deadliest rancor. But his colleagues, and deputations, and men who watched the doings of men in power, united in saying the country had no more devoted or zealous servant than Lord Kingswood.

In the meantime the sudden shock which Cyril Kingswood had received from the communication made to him by his father, terrible as it was, did not destroy him.

Weak, excited, worked up to a pitch of frenzy by the previous evening's occurrences, on the eve of flinging off every paternal restraint to search for Violet, and prevail upon her to fly with him he cared not where—the frightful disclosure naturally took effect upon his overwrought brain, and deprived him of consciousness, and thus he lay many days hovering between life, insanity and death.

The struggle was fierce between the mental disorder and the constitution, but youth triumphed, and the physician departed, leaving his patient weak but rapidly recovering his physical strength, though he recommended change of air and scene, at the earliest moment possible, as the best and only medicine that can be ministered to a mind diseased.

Cyril smiled faintly when he heard this—a smile so full of hopelessness and despair that Lady Kingswood, who sat by his side, bent her face in her hands and wept, and wept, bidding him, in a broken voice, exert himself to recover, for that they would together, at no distant time, pass out to another sphere, peopled with other faces, brightened by other skies, and gladdened by other scenes, seek the happiness which seemed to have fled the place in which now they dwelt.

He did not understand her true meaning, but believing it in some degree to apply to his own case, he pressed her hand, and promised that he would strive to aid his own recovery, and henceforward look at the world and life from a different point of view, and get through it as best he could.

As soon as he was able to quit his chamber—though still too feeble to quit the house—his constant daily companion was Lady Maud, his most frequent visitor was Eleanor Cotton.

When the latter beheld his altered face, she wept genuine tears, and her attentions, and her little delicate contrivances to cheer his spirits were so unremitting, and conceived in a taste so pure and excellent, that it was impossible for Cyril not to be moved by them. Lady Maud, who at first had regarded her with something like distaste, conceived a warm affection for her, and having no friend before, made one of Eleanor.

Cyril, one day, touched by one of her charming little kindnesses, said to her, as they sat alone—

"Eleanor!"

She looked up at him with her pretty face, as if pleased to listen to anything that he might have to say to her.

"Cyril!" she ejaculated.

"You must cease these tenderesses, these affectionate tributes of your kind and gentle nature," he said, in a low, quiet voice.

"Why, Cyril?" she inquired, with an affected surprise.

"Because," he replied, with a faint smile, "I shall begin to ear that after all you love me."

She cast her eyes down, and a crimson blush suffused her neck and face.

"So I do, Cyril," she uttered in a very low, soft voice.

His face became serious, and he gazed upon her earnestly, and he said, in a grave tone,

"Is this so, Eleanor, truly?"

She looked up with a bright countenance, and she placed her hand in his







### ST. PAUL'S GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH.

On Wednesday morning, March 20, 1861, this handsome and substantial edifice, intended for the German Lutheran Congregation, was dedicated with grave and impressive ceremonies, before a large and attentive assemblage. Three services were performed in the church that day. In the morning the Rev. Mr. Welden preached in German; in the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Krotel discoursed in English, and in the evening the Rev. Mr. Raegner delivered a sermon in the German language. The Rev. Mr. Geissenheiner is the pastor of the church.

St. Paul's German Lutheran Church is situated on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifteenth street, and is built in the Gothic style, with a front of Nova Scotia stone. It is fifty feet wide by eighty feet deep, and will accommodate over one thousand persons. In the basement is a capacious schoolroom. The total expense of erecting the church, exclusive of the ground, is something over twenty-five thousand dollars.

### COL. FRED. W. LANDER, The Pacific Railroad Explorer and Engineer.

We have twice made application to the distinguished subject of this sketch for the knowledge requisite to form an article like the present. His reply has been from the poet Horace—"I have carved my own monument—behold it in my deeds. I have written my own epitaph—go read it in my works!" But now it is our gratification that we have gained a result. The photograph is copied from an imperial one by Brady. For this sketch of Colonel Lander's life we are indebted to Fred. A. Aiken, Esq., for many years his intimate friend.

Colonel Fred. W. Lander was born at Salem, Mass., in 1822. He has a distinguished ancestry. His great-great-grandfather, Richard Derby, on his mother's side, was commander of the first party that ever withstood British aggression. His great-grandfather, Elias Hasket Derby, sent the first ship from the United States to the East Indies. His grandfather, Captain Nathaniel West, was the noted captain, in the Revolutionary War, of the Black Prince privateer. His mother, Eliza West Lander, was a relative of Sir Benjamin West. He is a brother of Louisa Lander, the American artist, whose works, executed in Rome, are now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, in this city, and of Edward Lander, late Chief-Justice of Washington.

Colonel Lander commenced the practice of his profession at the age of sixteen, after graduating with honor at the engineering school of F. A. Barton, at the Andover University. In early life he was noted for his attachment to manly sports, being celebrated as a shot, leaper, wrestler, boxer and equestrian. It was not long before Colonel Lander became celebrated as a consulting engineer. When the Government Explorations were organized, in 1853, he joined that of the extreme Northern Route, in which expedition he traversed the wild and, until that day, unexplored country extending from St. Paul to Puget Sound. Not satisfied with the results of this expedition, he proposed to explore one of the great routes across the Continent, with a party of five men, at his own expense. The Legislature of Washington Territory approved the enterprise, and requested Congress to give Colonel Lander's report equal attention with those of officially conducted surveys. The party encountered incredible hardships, and was soon reduced to one individual beside himself. They subsisted many days upon thistle roots and the flesh of a mule. His companion died soon after reaching Missouri River. Since that time Colonel Lander has religiously applied a portion of his earnings to the use of the widow and children of the deceased man.

Congress adopted the report of the route thus explored. The views therein embraced wrought a revolution in the public mind on the subject of a railroad to the Pacific. It proposed an original method of treating the whole question, which has been endorsed by the ablest professional men in the country. Soon after concluding this patriotic service, he was appointed Chief Engineer of the Central Overland Wagon Road, upon the route which he had surveyed. Owing to difficulties with the Indians, he concluded his work that year with only four men. With them he performed the unprecedented trip of four thousand six hundred miles in four months and fifteen days. With one set of animals he explored, at great peril, thirteen unknown passes of the immense Wakasatch mountain range. The next summer, the entire wagon road expedition, consisting of three divisions, under the directions of the same number of engineers and superintendents, were united into one, of which Colonel Lander was offered and accepted the superintendence. This great work has been completed with the peculiar success incident to all his labors in the wilderness.

At San Francisco, resolutions were passed requesting him to address the Pacific Railroad Convention of the States of California, Oregon and Washington Territory. He responded, and the Convention adopted the route which he himself had explored and developed as their choice for a



ST. PAUL'S GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH, CORNER OF SIXTH AVENUE AND FIFTEENTH STREET, DEDICATED ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1861.

Pacific Railroad. When he was leaving, he was accompanied to the steamer by a large delegation of friends. The venerable General Scott was present, returning from San Juan. On the steamer leaving the wharf, the wild frontiersmen of the Pacific gave three cheers "for Fred Lander of the Overland Wagon Road!" Lander stepped forward, and said, "Boys, you forget yourselves. There is only one man here to be cheered—it is the old

public in connection with the famous "Pony Express," of which he was the life and soul.

One other incident in his life we must mention, as it is probably one of the most important events in his whole career. A few months since he was married to the beautiful and highly talented Miss J. M. Davenport.

We regret that our limits preclude the possibility of giving more in detail the numerous adventures of Colonel Lander, or doing fuller justice to his character, bravery and accomplishments. He is, in the fullest sense of the word, a representative man, and one of those who leave their mark on the age.

### FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A SCOTCH ELIXIR OF LOVE.—A few weeks ago, when the weather was very frosty, and the roads deeply covered with snow, two young ladies from Inverness made a pilgrimage to the famed Stone and Bridle in the village of T—. The fairer of the two, with yellow hair, and over whose lovely face two decades had scarcely met, was disappointed in love. She had heard of the wondrous power of the water in which had been dipped the bright transparent stone of Macgregor, and to have some of it she resolved to make a long and weary journey of more than fifty miles to the vendor. They arrived safe in the village, and procured a bottle of the mystic element for the paltry sum of ten shillings. They now turned their steps to the north. On the way they called at the Inn of the D—, and in the house there happened to be at the time a gentleman from the hills of Spey. On him the disappointed in love resolved to try the power of the water. How it was administered we cannot with truth say; but one thing we can say, he got very fond of her, and made love, as poetic souls only can do. She checked him in his mad career, and, rejecting his wild addresses, hastened on to the capital of the Highlands. We have good reason to believe she was successful there too, and that her sweetheart returned to her, his first and early love. We may add, this is not the first pilgrimage of the kind that has been made to the professor; a few occasionally came from the far north and the far south on the same errand. Many will, no doubt, put this all down as fable. Let them do so. We should be sorry to disturb their opinions, and let them, at the same time, not disturb the belief of those who are better informed than they can be. A prophet is without honor in his own country, and the professor has very little honor in the village of T— and the Strath around. Let his fame be spread afar; ten shillings a bottle is the price of the Ronconi of the North.

THE KISS IN THE DARK.—BEWARE OF MACARONI.—An elegant party had assembled at dinner, at a mansion in the wealthiest part of Paris—the daughter of the rich papa of the rich house, of the rich quarter of rich Paris, was beautiful, and to be had not for the asking, for she was then asked of many; but there was a something wanting in the mind of papa, when they came to sound "his heart!"—for the lady's was of no consequence—they were too poor, not titled enough, and in the meantime the young lady grew older and proud—no, she did not, for the whisper got about that she found comfort in the addresses of a young gentleman—a very nice young man, but with the faintest blush of fortune, only enough to support him indeed in kids, patent leathers and cigars—all else being super-



COL. FRED. W. LANDER, THE PACIFIC RAILROAD EXPLORER AND ENGINEER.





DARING ROBBERY AT THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE BANK—APPEARANCE OF THE CARPET CELLAR, NO. 191 GREENWICH STREET, WITH THE HOLE IN THE WALL BY WHICH THE BURGLARS ENTERED THE BANK—MANNER IN WHICH THE BURGLARS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE WORKED—ON THE LEFT IS THE SPOT WHERE THEY DEPOSITED THE EXCAVATED DIRT AND RUBBISH.—SEE PAGE 315.

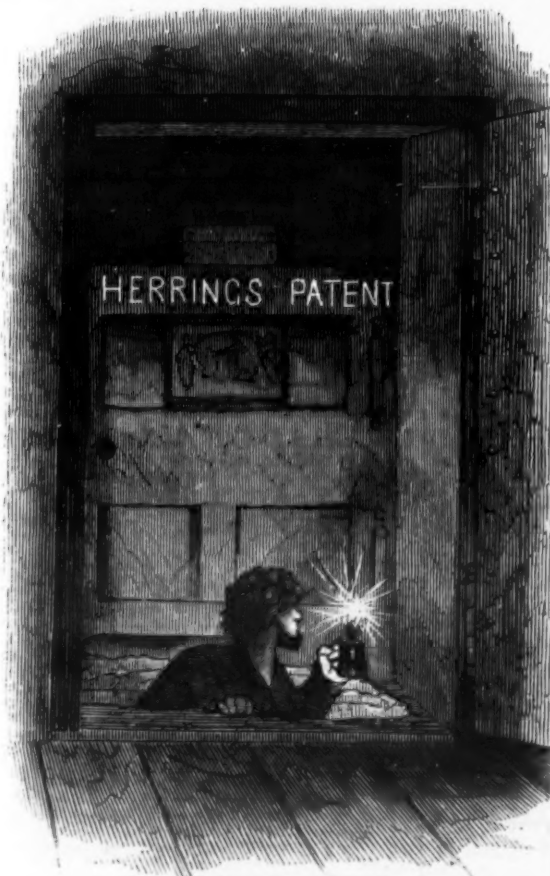
fluens to humanity in Paris. He had not even a "de" before his name, and papa was determined upon a title to lift the great house of B— into a position in life. The young man had never spoken to papa—he would as soon have thought of jumping up to the top of the July Column, therefore papa could not see any impropriety in his constant attendance on mademoiselle, and more frequently than any one else taking the favored position at her side. The evening we allude to there was a large assemblage of guests at the

patron of the more aristocratic thing, wax. Wax was brought quickly by the servants, and darkness was over. There was a great deal of giggling and joking at the *contretemps*, and a good many hits of *badinage* were fired off; but a practical joker turned the fire at once, and, in a loud voice, drew the attention of the host and all present to the daughter and the young gentleman by her side. All eyes were at once turned, and there, behold, the union was complete—from the tip of the young gentleman's long moustache to the tip of the young lady's curl, the nearest to her lip, there was a fine thread of a macaroni-like substance. A roar of laughter followed, for it was as clear as daylight, as gaslight, or lovelight, that there had been a kiss in the dark, and that a very good feeling existed between the two. The affair was too *éclatant* to pass over; the joke never ceased at that table, and, though the father at first was angry and inclined to be perverse, either the joke, or the wine, or his good heart, caused him to relent, and to give that greatest blessing to expectant lovers, a father's consent.

THE ORIGIN OF STEEPLECHASING.—It may be not generally known that the now popular sport of steeplechasing had its origin on the

Wolds of Lincolnshire, and that the first race of the kind was got up between two members of the Brooklands Hunt—Field Nicholson, Esq., and T. Brooks, Esq.—the latter of whom is still alive, and in the enjoyment of hale and hearty health. The two gentlemen in the year 1819 matched their favorite horses for an across country race—from Beelsby Church to that of Little Coates, the distance being about six miles. The race came off, but on which side the victory was I cannot remember. The race, however, caused much excitement in the neighborhood, and led to general hunting, or "steeplesiding."

The rifled guns have been lately tried in Berlin against four and a half inch iron plates used in the construction of cuirassed ships, and, as the Prussians state, with the greatest success. At a distance of a thousand paces the balls went through the plates as if there were no resistance, while at three thousand five hundred paces the effect was quite formidable enough to forbid the approach of vessels within such range. The experiment has a practical bearing at the present time, inasmuch as the proof has been furnished by it of the possibility of occupying the island of Fuhnen despite the attacks of



BURGLAR ENTERING FROM EXCAVATION INTO THE VAULT.

table. Two the papa had fixed his mind upon for his daughter to marry, not both at once, but if one wouldn't the other might propose. Relatives and friends were in great abundance at the long and well-filled banqueting table, but somehow, the young gentleman we allude to had got again the favorite post by the side of the heiress, though papa remembered he had arranged all this very differently. In the midst of this sumptuous banquet the winter took effect in Paris like it did once or twice in London, and left the company in the dark, for the gas went out in the chandeliers, and the proprietor of the establishment nearly swore, but quite made up his mind that he would never have gas again in the house, and be a



THE BURGLARS' PRIVATE OFFICE, FORMED OF CARPET ROLLS, FITTED WITH STOVE, COOKING UTENSILS, DEMIJOHNS, &c.—ENTRANCE CONCEALED BY CARPETS.



the Danish navy. It is also anticipated that the blockading of German ports will be much hampered, the same vessels being necessitated to give such a wide berth to the batteries as to require a larger force than ordinarily lies at their disposal. The result of the target shooting is said to have produced a lively sensation upon the French Ambassador who attended the practice. There are, at present, many officers and privates from all the various states of the Confederacy staying in Berlin for instruction in the use of the new weapons, which are being manufactured by Prussia for the whole of Germany. If public opinion upon this important subject be well grounded, the Berlin gun is superior in point of range and practical worth to any other in existence. As the greatest care is required in its construction, the number of those turned out from the various manufactories does not as yet exceed six or seven hundred—a small amount when it is considered how many are required for the field artillery, the federal fortresses, the coast batteries, the gunboats, and other purposes of offence and defence.

#### ACTS ABOUT COAL.

THE Boonton Iron Works, in New Jersey, consume annually more coal than the county town of Morris. The rolling mill at Trenton consumes more than the city, with its 15,000 inhabitants, and the Montour Works more than the whole city of Baltimore. All the world, in fact, is burning coal, and is, therefore, interested in knowing whether there is likely to be enough. Some years ago, in the early history of Pennsylvania Coal Mining, a report gained currency in Philadelphia that the workmen at Mauch Chunk had reached the bottom of the vein for its extent. They mistook the thickness of the vein for its extent. Panie seized on the Lehigh Company's stockholders, and the shares fell twenty per cent., as well they might; if the coal had actually run out. But coal veins, throughout the world, average only from ten to sixty feet in thickness, those in England varying from an inch to six feet. Yet England mines 70,000,000 tons annually, and the best geologists estimate the quantity that may yet be got out at 190,000,000,000 tons. The British coal fields cover an area of 5,400 square miles; but those of this country cover 196,600 square miles, in addition to which new fields of great extent are being constantly discovered. England feels no alarm at any prospect of her coal fields not holding out, and this country ought to be equally confident of her inexhaustible supply. The quantity mined in England has generally doubled every twenty-five years, but in this country, from 1839 to 1849 it doubled itself every five years, and it continues to grow at a far more rapid rate than it does in England. The whole annual consumption of the world is estimated at 100,000,000 tons. Now we see that this vast quantity is constantly increasing. If it remained stationary at that figure, the Pennsylvania coal fields alone would honor the draft for 3,164 years. Double it, and the great Appalachian field would meet the demand for 6,937 years. Extend it to 400,000,000 tons annually, and the productive coal fields of North America alone would be able to supply the world for 10,000 years. It is a wonderful feature in the great coal deposits, that Providence has located the most abundant ones in the coldest countries, where fuel is most required. Even Spitzbergen contains her share. This does not prove, however, that coal does not exist abundantly in Central America, or in Central and Northern Asia. The presumption is that future explorations will uncover deposits in those countries equal to the necessities of their inhabitants. But geology has determined the great fact that the coal mines of the United States will be certain to hold out.

#### Throat Affections.

FROM REV. E. ROWLEY, A. M., PRESIDENT ATHENS COLLEGE, ANDERSON, TEX.—"I have found great benefit from the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches, before and after preaching, as they prevent hoarseness, to which I am very subject. I think from their past effect they will be of permanent advantage to me. Several clergymen of my acquaintance, to whom I have given the Troches, have been benefited by them."

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## MISSING MAN.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE,  
413 BROOME STREET, CORNER OF ELM.  
NEW YORK, MARCH 22d, 1861.

FRANK LESLIE.—Dear Sir—I take the liberty of sending you the ambrotype likeness of Mr. John D. Austin, a native of Boston. He came from Boston to this city about four weeks since, and has been missing since the 27th of February. Search has been made by this department, but without success. His friends fear he may have committed suicide, as at times he showed evidence of insanity, and had threatened self-destruction. Thinking and hoping he may yet be alive and wandering about the country, I suggested to his friends to have his likeness printed in your widely circulated paper, with a description of his person.  
As that means has been successful upon several occasions in restoring missing persons to their friends, I have no doubt if you will have the kindness to print this likeness it will be attended with a like result, and add another debt the public owe you for your excellent and useful illustrated sheet.  
Yours truly,  
DANIEL CARPENTER, INSPECTOR.

John D. Austin, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, about five feet eight inches tall, stout figure, full florid face, dark eyes, black hair, whiskers and moustache. He is about thirty-seven years of age.

He arrived in this city on Tuesday, A. M., the 26th of February. On Wednesday he expressed fears of an attack of temporary derangement, with which he had been affected on two former occasions. Early on Thursday, A. M., the 28th, he left the house of a friend with whom he was staying, and has not since been seen. Immediate search was made for him both by his friends and the police, but has thus far proved unavailing.

On Friday, March 1st, his hat was found in the Bronx river not far from Williamsbridge, and his shirt on the bank of the river near by; the inference was that he had committed suicide by drowning, and a careful search of the river was made in that vicinity, but no further trace of him could be discovered. There was a vague rumor of his having been seen some distance from the river without a hat, and his coat closely buttoned up; if any credence may be given to this report, there is a slight hope that he may yet be alive and wandering about.

At the time of his disappearance he was dressed in a suit of dark cloth clothes. He had with him about eighty dollars, and a gold watch and chain. The number of the watch, "6132," and the maker's name and residence, "Joseph Johnson, 25 Church street, Liverpool," were engraved on the works.

A reward of One Hundred Dollars is offered for the recovery of the body of Mr. Austin, which will be paid by Messrs. Yznaga del Valle & Co., No. 60 Beaver street, New York.

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